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TO THE PUBLIC.

It is a custom with the periodical press to address readers at the commencement of a New year; and the *Literary Gazette* would not wish to be "out of fashion." Yet it has very little to say. Since the first Number in last January it has added above a thousand copies to its previously unexampled circulation; and it does not know of having been voluntarily given up, during the period which has since elapsed, by a single Subscriber. These facts are all it would impress on the Public in courting still more extensive popularity, and pledging itself, with increased powers, to make still greater exertions to afford general satisfaction. Several new and important arrangements have indeed been entered into with this view, the results of which, it is confidently hoped, will very soon be perceptible to its friends—to whom it wishes every enjoyment of the Useful and Agreeable throughout the year 1825.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht. 4to. pp. 571. Vol. 1. London 1824. J. Murray.

This volume, written by Lord John Russell, is the commencement of an historical work of too much importance to be hastily criticised. Our view of it, at all events in the first instance, must be very concise; and rather an account of its leading points and the impression it makes on a cursory glance, than an examination of its positions and a comparison of its opinions with those of collateral historians.

The Peace of Utrecht was concluded in April 1713; and the author, after throwing an introductory *coup-d'œil* over ancient Germany and the more modern relations of governments to each other, gives 1st, a history of the state of France at that era;—2d, of English parties and politics from 1710 to 1716—and 3d, (returning to France) of the Regency of the Duke of Orleans till his death in December 1723. Thus, this volume contains about six years of English and ten of French history. The first part is the most amusing, but at the same time the best known; for what is there new which could be told of the reign and court of Lewis XIV.—the themes of so many hundreds of tomes of *Memoires*, *Secrets*, *Journals*, *Correspondence*, *Souvenirs*, &c.? His Lordship has, however, the merit of having concentrated these various publications in an interesting manner, and placed the period clearly, connectedly, and distinctly before his readers. The second part is more political than entertaining, and appears to us to be sensibly written in consonance with tenets which may be most readily described as those understood by the phrase of moderate Whiggism. The third division is not so anecdotal as the first; but the famous Mississippi scheme supplies some curious narratives, and the noble author

seems to be fond of lightening the weight of history by such reliefs whenever he can introduce them.

From this brief summary it may be gathered, that without developing principles by applying any great philosophical profundity of reasoning or bringing forward any striking original facts of high national importance, his Lordship has succeeded in producing a very pleasing work, distinguished by good taste in the selection of its materials, agreeable in style, and generally liberal in its statements where the grave dignity of history is concerned. In the Introduction, which is most laboured, we discover two or three paradoxical opinions; and elsewhere, we think we can detect certain inductions not warranted by actual events; but these are of little consequence, and do not detract from the pervading justice and good sense manifested by the author.

Having said so much, we shall hardly be able to illustrate our poem by extracts from the *Memoirs*: all we have room for in this Number of our Gazette, are the following miscellanies:—Speaking of the time when Great Britain joined the coalition against the infection and danger of the French Revolution (a war which, perhaps, by diverting public attention, prevented the most dreadful internal evils,) his Lordship draws the following parallel between Burke and Rousseau:

"Unhappily England joined, though doubtfully and tardily, in this crusade. She was influenced to do so by a great orator and great writer, who was not extremely unlike the apostle of the French revolution. For there are some points of resemblance between Rousseau and Burke. Both were men whose imagination outstripped their judgment; both had the faculty of dressing their thoughts in the most harmonious style ever employed in their respective languages. If Burke is more rich in imagery, Rousseau is more fraught with feeling; if Burke surprises and carries away by his splendid diction, Rousseau seems more natural, and has been more successful in contriving that art which does so much should appear to do nothing. Both Rousseau and Burke exalted the idols of their own fancy; Rousseau painted with brilliant colours an age of savage simplicity which in his sober hours he knew never had existed: Burke took for his favourite illusion the happiness of an age of chivalry, whose best features live only in romance. The one called upon the world in its manhood to regret that period of its infancy when arts were unknown, and the hides of wild beasts were the only covering for the body; the other endeavoured to restore and to preserve the remains of the dark and dismal times of the middle ages, when Europe was barbarous and miserable. Yet both these authors could call to their assistance the soundest maxims of reason; the most profound doctrines of philosophy: Rousseau availed himself of sentiments which nature inspires, and good sense approves; Burke combined with his most extravagant

speculations, the most solemn decisions of law, and the practical lessons which a long contest for liberty had taught to an enlightened nation. Thus each had a people for his proselytes, I fear I must add, his victims. France, seduced by the visions of the Swiss philosopher, sunk into the most abominable vices in attempting to realize an unattainable pitch of virtue: England, rousing at the trumpet of the Irish orator, made war upon a neighbouring country, because their people had become too frantic and too wicked to be amicably treated with. Thus, at the close of the eighteenth century, when the oracles of Delphi were laughed at, the leaves of the Sybil considered fabulous, and our rude ancestors despised for following the call of Peter the Hermit; death and havoc made their harvest in every quarter of the world, because the two most enlightened nations of Europe abandoned themselves to the guidance of two splendid enthusiasts, of whom the one was evidently insane, and the other totally wanting in sound discretion."

Of the many anecdotes connected with the days of Lewis XIV. the subjoined may be the least familiar to the public:

"When Lewis the Sixteenth," says Gen. Grimoard, "ordered me to prepare an edition of the Works of Lewis the Fourteenth, he told me that I must not conceal his errors or his faults; that, for instance, he had formed for himself an exaggerated notion of greatness; which kept him in a continual and almost theatrical representation; that on the other hand, flattery had rendered him vain; and that as the work with which he entrusted me, was destined for the instruction of the human race, he would be much obliged to me, if I would point out these defects, and shew how much greater Lewis the Fourteenth would have been, if, instead of pride, which makes men ridiculous, he had possessed real elevation and dignified simplicity." The sentence I have here abridged, does great honour to Lewis the Sixteenth. . . .

" It must be confessed, that Lewis was pursued by flattery in a manner, that was difficult for any man to resist, and which affords much excuse for his faults of every description. One or two of the most extraordinary effects of the common and general spirit may be worth relating. In 1660, La Fenillade, a private gentleman, hearing that St. Aunay, a person who had left the kingdom from discontent, had written a letter, and afterwards adopted a device, disparaging to the King of France, went to Madrid and sent him a challenge: upon which St. Aunay made an apology for his conduct. This gallantry of adulation being found extremely acceptable, the same person erected a statue to Lewis on the Place des Victoires. The statue was inaugurated, or rather consecrated, with music and genuflections: La Fenillade went three times round it, at the head of the regiment of guards, making the same prostrations that were made by the Romans before their deified emperors; the event

was celebrated by illuminations; the inscription placed on the base was, "Viro immortalis;" and the author of this pompous flattery intended to have kept a lamp burning there by day as well as by night. The lamp, however, was ordered not to be lighted in the day time, and an image of the Virgin, veiled in some degree the gross idolatry of the original intention. After the defeat of Marshal Créqui in 1675, the same La Feuillade came post to Versailles, where he went directly to the King, and said, "Sire, some make their wives come to them to the army; others come to see them; for my part, I come to see your Majesty for an hour, and thank you a thousand and a thousand times; I shall see no one but your Majesty, for to your Majesty I owe every thing." He talked for some time, and then said, "Sire, I am now going; I beg you to make my compliments to the Queen, to the Dauphin, and to my wife and children." He then set off on his return to the army, and left the King much pleased with his adroit flattery. - - -

"One or two more instances of this gross flattery may be mentioned. When Lewis was old, he was complaining to the Cardinal d'Estrees that he had no longer any teeth. "Ah, Sir," said the courtier, "who has any teeth?" displaying at the same time, by a broad grin, a mouth well provided with the strongest grinders. Another member of the clergy, the Abbé, afterwards Cardinal de Polignac, walking one day with Lewis in the gardens of Marly in a splendid dress, a shower of rain came on. The King observed he would get wet. "Sire," said the Abbé, "the rain of Marly does not wet." The bishop of Noyon founded a prize at the academy for a panegyric in perpetuity upon Lewis the Fourteenth. The academy itself, however, was not behindhand in adulation. Upon the death of Cornéille, there was some question of electing the Duke of Maine. The academy sent him a message by their secretary that even if their number were full, there was not one of their body who would not willingly die to make room for him."

Of other anecdotes displaying the manners of the court and society, there are a great number: we copy one or two.

"Madame de R. and Madame de B. quarrelled at play about a sum of twelve pistoles; Madame de B. at length tired of disputing, gave them up. 'Ah, Madame,' said the other, 'that is well for you, who have lovers that give you money.' 'Madame,' said Madame de B. 'I am not obliged to explain to you how that matter is, but I well know that when I entered the world ten years ago, you already gave money to yours.'

"Another anecdote will speak for the morals of the men. A gentleman well known at court, of the name of Villars, when speaking to the King of another subject, took occasion to say, that there were persons who told his niece (Madame de Grancé), that his Majesty had designs upon her; that if it were so, he begged him to make use of him; that the affair would be safe in his hands, and he would answer for success. The King laughed, and turned it off with a joke. In these days any conduct was tolerated in society. Every one knows that the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos, who was never married, lived for several years with Villars at his house; that she had many children by different lovers, and that the paternity of one of these being disputed between two gentlemen, was decided by throwing lots. There is no

thing singular in this career; what is extraordinary is, that Ninon de l'Enclos was the bosom friend of Madame de Maintenon, and the admiration of all Paris.

"The lives of the French ladies of this time were divided between two passions, love and devotion. - - -

"Such was that of Madame de Longueville; who, after playing a conspicuous part in the war of the Fronde, was obliged when peace was made, and her lovers had abandoned her, to seek for some other sort of occupation. At one time she attempted the part of a *bel-esprit*, and was at the head of one of two parties, that were divided on the merits of a couple of sonnets. Finding this would not suffice, she fell into extreme devotion, and became a very considerable person in the Jansenist party. It was chiefly by her means that the papal ordinance, known by the name of the Peace of Clement the Ninth, was obtained; and during the latter part of her life, the celebrated Arnauld owed his safety to her powerful protection.

"This celebrated woman had been in early life any thing but over scrupulous, as the histories of the time relate. Being once in Normandy with her husband, those about her saw that she was overcome with ennui: they proposed to her a hunting party. 'No, I do not like hunting,' Work? 'No I do not like work.' Walking, or play? 'No, I do not like either.' Then what would you have? 'What can I say? I do not like innocent pleasures.'"

We are compelled to stop, and can only find space for one quotation more, the author's account of the death of the celebrated minister Colbert:

"The last days of Colbert were not of a nature to do honour to the King, or to encourage others to undertake a similar task. The labour of his triple ministry exhausted his mind and spirits. Several little incidents occurred, which created a coolness between him and his master. With a noble zeal for toleration, he had opposed the revocation of the edict of Nantz, and incurred the enmity of the bigots in power. On a comparison of some of his expences with those of Louvois, he was found to be the least economical of the two, and received a reprimand for it from the mouth of the King. These crosses, though far from indicating his disgrace, fell on his mind; he grew ill, and became wretched. When Lewis sent a gentleman of his household to enquire after his health, the dying minister said, 'I do not wish to hear the King spoken of any more; let him now leave me quiet.' He was disturbed by religious apprehensions; and with a phrase that bears a striking analogy to one which Shakespeare has put into the mouth of Wolsey, he observed, 'If I had done for God what I have done for the King, I might have been saved twice over; but now (he added,) I do not know what is to become of me.'"

The Legend of Genevieve, with other Tales and Poems. By Delta. 12mo. pp. 326. Edinburgh 1825, Blackwood; London, Cadell.

THE author of these Poems is pretty generally known by the signature of the Greek letter to short productions in Blackwood's Magazine; and it is no slight compliment to his talents that it has been mistaken by many readers for the sign manual of Mr. Wilson. We are informed, however, that he is a young gentleman of the medical profession, and that

his name is Moir.* But this is of less consequence than the character of his poetry as displayed in the volumes before us, and to which we will now briefly direct attention.

In his minor compositions, Delta frequently shines with a tender and pleasing light; and he is therefore an eligible contributor to a periodical miscellany. But when he comes to extend his powers over several hundred pages, it does not appear to us that there is enough of genius to keep alive interest and sustain admiration. A taste for the writings of Byron, Scott, Wordsworth, and other popular authors, and a disposition to cherish the feelings which they excite, seem to be the sources of Delta's inspiration. A desire to be among the sons of song, rather than a natural and inborn passion, has led him to cultivate his Muse; and the result is, as we have observed, a certain degree of skill and beauty which is calculated to recommend him to public approbation.

Thus his longer poems contain occasionally fine passages, but they are far too diffuse, and in other respects cannot stand the test of critical examination as works of the highest rank. One of their most observable blemishes is the entire disregard of time in the verbs, which vary from past to present, and present to past, without a pause, just as the rhymes require. For example, in *Genevieve*:

- - - many a warrior of his line
In pictured arms was seen to shine,
And, on the gazer, with a frown,
From 'neath his helm, scorn'd darkly down.

What though a father's hatred fell
Between their hearts, when love unites—
The lightning's wing may but impel
More deep in earth the trunk it blights.

The meaning of the last four lines, indeed, is not very obvious to us; but not to multiply examples, we shall quote only one passage, to show how inelegantly Delta can write:

Long, long from thence, when all around
Has smiled, these Gothic towers have frown'd;
Through ages there, the summer's heat
Has burn'd, the wintry storms have beat;
But, giant-like, these walls have stood
To scorn the winds, and mock the flood.
A mournful tale it were, to tell
In former times what there befell,
When first to cleanse a father's guilt
These consecrated walls were built;
And, from the relics there that lie,
Were named the Lover's Priory.

Here is hardly, in twelve consecutive lines, one without a "from thence," a "these," or a "there," in it. Surely it is the very poetry of pronouns and adverbs.

Delta is also unfortunate in the choice of several of his subjects; for we must confess we do not admire his wisdom, though we may his spirit, in having adopted so much from our *Literary Gazette*, and endeavoured, in some instances, to remodel legends and thoughts which have been consecrated by genius of a different order. The following which we have chosen from the minor pieces, will however place the writer in a just and estimable point of view:

The September Forest.
Within a wood I lay reclined,
Upon a dull September day,
And listen'd to the hollow wind,
That shook the frail leaves from the spray.
I thought me of its summer pride,
And how the sod was gemm'd with flowers,
And how the river's azure tide
Was o'erarch'd with leafy bowers.

* "Time's Telescope" contains a biographical notice of him, under the name of David Macbeth Moir, and as the author of "The Bombardment of Algiers," &c. &c.



And how the small birds caroll'd gay,
And lattice-work the sunshine made,
When last, upon a summer day,
I stray'd beneath that woodland shade.

And now!—it was a startling thought,
And flash'd like lightning o'er the mind,—
That like the leaves we pass to nought,
Nor, parting, leave a track behind!
Go—trace the church-yard's hallow'd mound,
And, as among the tombs ye tread,
Read, on the pedestals around,
Memorials of the vanish'd dead.
They lived like us—they breathed like us—
Like us, they loved, and smiled, and wept;
But soon their hour arriving, thus
From earth like autumn leaves were swept.

Who, living, care for them?—not one!
To earth are theirs dissever'd claims;
To new inheritors have gone
Their habitations, and their names!
Think on our childhood—where are they,
The beings that begirt us then?
The Lion Death hath dragg'd away
By turns, the victim to his den!
And springing round, like vernal flowers,
Another race with vigour burns,
To bloom awhile,—for years or hours,—
And then to perish in their turns!

Then be this wintry grove to me
An emblem of our mortal state;
And from each lone and leafless tree,
So wither'd, wild, and desolate,
This mortal lesson let me draw,—
That earthly means are vain to fly
Great Nature's universal law,
And that we all must come to die!
However varied, these alone
Abide the lofty and the less,—
Remembrance, and a sculptured stone,
A green grave and forgetfulness.

The School Bank.

Upon this bank we met, my friend and I.
A lapse of years had, intervening, pass'd,
Since I had heard his voice, or seen him last;
The starting tear-drop trembled in his eye;
Silent, we thought upon the school-boy days
Of mirth and happiness, for ever flown;
When rushing out the careless crowd did raise
Their thoughtless voices—now, we were alone,
Alone, amid the landscape—'t was the same:
Where were our lov'd companions? some, alas!
Silent reposed beneath the churchyard grass,
And some were known, and most unknown, to
Fame; [deep;
And some were wanderers on the homeless
And where they all were happy—we did weep!

The Bard's Wish.

Oh! were I laid
In the greenwood shade,
Beneath the covert of waving trees;
Removed from woe,
And the ills below,
That render life but a long disease!
No more to weep,
But in soothing sleep
To slumber on long ages through;—
My grave-turf bright
With the rosy light
Of eve, or the morning's silver dew!
For all my dreams,
And vision'd gleams,
Are not like those of this earthly span;
My spirit would stray
For ever away [man.
From the noise of strife, and the haunts of
I ask no dirge.—
The foaming surge
Of the torrent will sing a lament for me;
And the evening breeze,
That stirs the trees,
Will murmur a mournful lullaby.
Plant not—plant not—
Above the spot,

Memorial stones for the stranger's gaze;
The earth and sky
Are enough, for I
Have lived with Nature all my days!

Oh! were I laid
In the greenwood shade,
Beneath the covert of waving trees;
Removed from woe,
And the ills below,
That render life but a long disease!

Our readers will have detected expletives
and other peculiarities in these quotations;
but still they are pathetic and pleasing, and
entitle Mr. Moir to a fair tribute of praise.

*Sermons and Charges, by Dr. T. F. Middleton,
Lord Bishop of Calcutta: with Memoirs of
his Life. By Henry Kaye Bonney, D.D.
Archdeacon of Bedford. 8vo. pp. 325.
London 1824. Longman & Co.*

THE appointment of a Bishop to be the head
of the Protestant Church in the immense em-
pire of British India, was an event of so
much consequence, and involved so many
momentous considerations, both at the period
and for the hereafter, that an unusual degree
of interest is attached to the individual en-
trusted with that extraordinary charge. The
public is therefore deeply indebted to Arch-
deacon Bonney for this volume, which is not
only important to the Christian world, but
extremely agreeable to the general reader as
a biographical memoir.

With the Sermons and Charges, and indeed
with the more strictly theological portions of
the work, it does not consist with the spirit of
the *Literary Gazette* to have much to say: we
shall accordingly address ourselves to the per-
sonal narrative, and the travels in India over
the widest diocese that ever existed in the
universe, even when popes were only bishops.

Thomas Fanshaw Middleton was the son of
a clergyman, and born 26th of January 1769,
at his father's rectory of Kedleston in Derby-
shire. In 1779, he was admitted to Christ's
Hospital, where, among his other boyish com-
panions, were several youths who have since
distinguished themselves by their virtue,
learning, or talents:—we may mention Sir
Edward Thornton, late envoy to Sweden; Dr.
Richards, the present rector of St. Martin's
in the Fields, author of *Aboriginal Britons*,
and Bampton Lectures; Coleridge the poet;
and Dr. Trollope, who now presides over the
seminary where he was educated. From
school, young Middleton was admitted into
Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, where his habits
were studious and his companions liter-
ary. He took his first degree in January
1792, and soon after entering the Church, he
obtained preferment. While curate of Gains-
borough, Lincolnshire, "he conducted a small
periodical work, called *The Country Specta-
tor*; which commenced on the 9th of October
1792, and closed on the 21st of May of the
year following; and contained thirty-three
papers, most of which were written by himself.

"It has been said that Mr. Coleridge's mind
was first directed to poetry, by reading a vo-
lume which had been presented to him by his
schoolfellow Mr. Middleton."

Be that as it may, "his reputation as a
clergyman and a scholar introduced him to the
notice of Dr. John Pretyman, archdeacon
and preceptor of Lincoln, and brother of the
bishop, who in the year 1794 intrusted him
with the education of his two sons."

This connexion led to his advancement; and
in 1797 he married Elizabeth, the daughter of
John Maddison, Esq. of Gainsborough, a lady

eminently adapted to be the fit companion for
a person of his character and pursuits. He
now devoted himself to the writing of his
principal work—

"The Doctrine of the Greek Article, ap-
plied to the Criticism and Illustration of the
New Testament," an elaborate production of
distinguished merit. Former critics had not
directed their learning to this part of speech
sufficiently to deliver a full and satisfactory
account of it; and the want of such a work
was justly lamented by all those who knew
how much the meaning of a passage depends
upon the article. Mr. Middleton supplied
this deficiency. And when to this is added
the importance of an accurate interpretation
of the New Testament, the learned and acute
author merits not only the applause of the
philologist, but also the gratitude of the theo-
logian.

"In the prosecution of this work he had
to investigate the laws of the Greek idiom;
and correctly to ascertain the uses of the
article. In order to do this, 'he found it im-
possible to proceed with any thing like cer-
tainty, unless the article itself were first
clearly defined, and its nature well under-
stood. It was, therefore, his endeavour, in
the first part of his volume, to resolve the
question, 'What is the Greek article?' and
to show that the solution offered would ex-
plain its principal uses in the Greek writers.
In the second part he applied to the text of
the New Testament, the doctrine laid down
in the part preceding.' Such is the outline
which he himself draws in the preface."

Literary eminence and farther preferments
were the rewards of this learned production.
In 1812, he was collated to the Archdeaconry
of Huntingdon.

"About this time also, a new series of the
British Critic was projected; and it was pur-
chased on purpose to place it in his hands.
The Prospectus was written by him, and he
edited the first number, but there his super-
intendence terminated. . . .

"The state of religion in India, hitherto
neglected, at length attracted the attention
of the legislature; and in an act for the re-
newal of the charter of the East India Com-
pany, a provision was made, which enabled
the crown to constitute a bishopric, with such
jurisdiction and functions, as should from time
to time be defined by His Majesty, by letters
patent under the great seal of England. The
company was charged with salaries, to be
paid to the bishop and three archdeacons;
Calcutta was erected into a bishop's see; and
Archdeacon Middleton selected to fill the im-
portant station. . . .

"He was consecrated on the 8th of May
1814, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, as-
sisted by the Bishops of London, Lincoln,
and Salisbury, in the chapel of Lambeth
Palace."

In June 1814 he sailed from England, and
reached Calcutta on the 28th of November.

We are informed that—

"During the whole of the voyage, this ex-
emplary man applied his mind to such sub-
jects as were likely to be useful in his new
station. He read Hebrew and Persian, as
well as theology; and, above all, he laid down
the following rules for his future conduct:—

"Invoke divine aid.—Preach frequently,
and as 'one having authority.'—Promote
schools, charities, literature, and good taste:
nothing great can be accomplished, without
policy.—Persevere against discouragement.
—Keep your temper.—Employ leisure in

study, and always have some work in hand.—Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate.—Keep up a close connexion with friends at home.—Attend to forms.—Never be in a hurry.—Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of conviction.—Rise early, and be an economist of time.—Maintain dignity without the appearance of pride: manner is something with every body, and every thing with some.—Be guarded in discourse, attentive, and slow to speak.—Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions.—Beware of concessions and pledges.—Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to demand them.—Be not subservient nor timid in manner, but manly and independent, firm and decided.—Think nothing in conduct unimportant and indifferent.—Be of no party.—Be popular, if possible; but, at any rate, be respected.—Remonstrate against abuses, where there is any chance of correcting them.—Advise and encourage youth.—Rather set than follow example.—Observe a grave economy in domestic affairs.—Practise strict temperance.—Remember what is expected in England:—and, lastly, remember the *final account*.”

These are golden rules, and well deserve remembrance.

“On Christmas Day 1824, he delivered his first sermon in the cathedral at Calcutta, from Luke ii. 10, 11, “For behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.” &c.; a happy choice of subject, enabling him to expatiate on salvation, of which he was appointed the distinguished messenger to the inhabitants of the East.

“At this juncture the state of religion in India was deplorable. The sanguinary rites and debasing superstition of paganism were practised by the natives, whilst the means for their conversion to Christianity were comparatively small. A branch of the Syrian church, indeed, had for ages been settled on the coast of Malabar; members of the church of Rome extended their influence from Goa, and the Baptists had been introduced into Calcutta at the latter end of the last century. The Presbyterians also had their congregations, and missionaries of other sects were dispersed in various parts of the Indian continent. The Society for promoting Christian Knowledge had not been inattentive to the benighted state of Hindostan, and had stationed missionaries at Tranquebar, Madras, Cuddalore, Tanjore, and Trichinopoly. But the English inhabitants were so ill supplied with clerical ministrations, that many of them had no opportunity of hearing divine service.

“The necessity of attending to the religious concerns of so large a part of the British dominions was apparent. The progress of improvement, however, could not be rapid, and the Bishop found many impediments in the way of projects, which suggested themselves from time to time to his comprehensive mind.”

Into the details of these obstacles we cannot enter. Suffice it to observe, that one difficulty arose from “claims which were set up by the respectable members of the church of Scotland resident at Calcutta, to a community of privilege with the Church of England. To the Bishop, this equality of privileges to two churches in the same state appeared an anomaly from the ordinary principles of legislation, and even the mutual interests of the bodies concerned.” He consequently opposed the claim. Other difficulties sprang up, even in arranging the discipline of his

own church,* and in the different constructions put upon the Act of Parliament by the law authorities and government of India. Zealous to do his utmost, however, his Lordship determined on a visitation of the different parts of his vast diocese; and with this laudable view he travelled five thousand miles, every where doing good, reconciling differences, establishing schools, conciliating opinions by his own moderation, dignity, and firmness; and, in short, by conducting himself in a way honourable to human nature, and every way worthy of his religious creed and eminent station. From such a tour we cannot select much, but we will quote a few short passages.

When he visited Serbojee the Rajah of Tanjore (of whom and of the Missionary Schwartz, engraved portraits are given) it is stated—

“The Rajah afterwards assured an English officer, that since he sat on the throne he had not received greater satisfaction than from this visit: and that, although the Bishop’s residence at Tanjore would be short, he intended to keep up a correspondence with him. The conversation being ended, he showed the Bishop and his attendants the interior of his palace, and his library, which contained many books and pictures. Among these were portraits of the missionaries, from which he selected a portrait of Schwartz and presented it to his Lordship.

“The library contained many good books, of which several were English, on the subject of anatomy. There were also some family-pictures by native artists, and an ivory skeleton, which takes to pieces, and which the Rajah appeared thoroughly to understand. After examining the contents of the library, the Rajah led the Bishop to a statue of his Highness, placed on a large slab, which had been there from time immemorial, and was used as the pedestal of the throne of the Gentoo dynasty, whom his Maharratta ancestors displaced.

“On the 24th of February, the Rajah returned the Bishop’s visit with unusual state. The procession was grand and impressive. Six or eight elephants, two of them of enormous size, especially the state elephant, outriders, cavalry, infantry, and a band of musicians, preceded the Rajah and his son, who were mounted on English horses, superbly caparisoned, and attended by his minister and several nobles of the court; the whole concourse amounting to between two and three thousand.

“Colonel Blackburn and the Bishop received his Highness as he dismounted; and

* “The bishopric (says the Preface.) totally undefined as to its powers, was a difficult and almost an unmanageable undertaking: and in the progress of his efforts, it was not surprising that the eminent person who filled it, should find himself impeded in various quarters. A Scotch church had been erected at Calcutta; a missionary of the Independents set a subscription on foot for an Union Chapel; and the Baptists used unremitting endeavours to disseminate their tenets, and erected schools for the natives. They conceived that their pretensions to notice were considerable, having been established at Calcutta and in the provinces nearly thirty years: and they solicited the attention of the Bishop to their design; but, as might be expected, he declined embarking in their enterprise.

“Bishop Middleton, though a man of the most acute feeling, was too firm a character to suffer either the principles or the government of the church to be compromised. He felt as the first Bishop of Ephesus must have done, when he received the epistle of St. Paul, that it was not for him to give way to opposite opinions, however charitably he might deal with them.

“When we consider the dreadful superstitions of the natives, the contending sentiments of sectaries, and the obstacles thrown in the way of discipline, we may form an adequate estimate of the mental labour of this zealous and upright prelate.”

after the custom of the country, led him to the sofa, sitting down on his left hand. They conversed on various subjects. Speaking of English history, the Rajah called it ‘the Generations of the Kings of England;’ which is the oriental form of expression, and exactly the Hebrew *Tolidoth*. The Maharratta history he acknowledged to be very defective in dates; and that the people of Hindostan talked of ‘many thousands of years,’ &c., whilst our historians always gave the precise time.

“In the evening, the Bishop visited the church in the fort, and saw the monument erected by the Rajah’s order to the memory of Schwartz. A remarkable anecdote of that excellent man was mentioned. When he was on his death-bed, and supposed to be dead, and his feet were cold, Gerické sung over him a stanza of a funeral hymn, which he was fond of while in health; Schwartz appeared to pay no attention to it, but went on with the second stanza, clearly and articulately, and then was heard no more. - - -

“From Balghatty he proceeded, on the 14th of October, to Coteaum, to visit the metropolitan, and landed amidst a multitude of *cateranars* and went to the seminary, where the Syrian bishop received and conducted him up a narrow staircase into a room, in which, notwithstanding the crowd of persons assembled, he held a conversation for two hours. He afterwards went over the seminary, saw the other bishop from Chawgant (Mar Philoxenos) and then proceeded to the church, which is a large and good building. Here George presented to him a Syrian MS. containing hymns, psalms, and a treatise on the Trinity, in return for a palanquin which his Lordship had given him.

“The Bishop and his party slept that night in a boat, and the next day reached Aleppie, where he met Mr. Norton, a church missionary, who had been educated, with some others, by Mr. Scott. He appeared to be invested with extraordinary powers in regard to the Syrians, and told his lordship that he had issued an order or notice to the laity to pay their dues more regularly to the *cateranars*, which had been attended to; and that the metropolitan had given him leave to preach to the Syrian churches, as soon as he should have made some progress in Malayalam. It was the opinion of the Bishop that he ought to proceed with the utmost caution, for it appeared easy to divide the Syrians, and then the result might be very different from what was expected.

“This gentleman and Mr. Walcot, whose business, as a deputy conservator of the forests, led him very much into the hills, gave several interesting particulars of the country; and stated, that the mountaineers are a wild race, whom it is difficult to approach, as they avoid all intercourse with Europeans, and hide themselves. Their mode of dealing is by barter; laying what they wish to dispose of in a well-known spot, and taking away what is left in lieu of it. The sagacity of the elephants is very conspicuous. Mr. Walcot had seen them feeling their way with the branch of a tree in their trunks, to prevent their falling into pits. The bigotry of the Brahmans in this part of Malabar surpassed any the Bishop had heard of. Near some of their temples they have a path for themselves, and another for the Coolies, &c. A traveller being overtaken by a storm had sought shelter in a pagoda where a quantity

of rice was deposited. His presence was said to have made this unclean and useless, and he was required to pay for it, but refused.

"On the 16th the Bishop and his companions went on board the Aurora, and sailed for Colombo, which they reached without any remarkable occurrence during the passage."

His correspondence with the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, to which he was a warm and indefatigable friend, and the building of a College near Calcutta, were very prominent among Bishop Middleton's important occupations.

"The business of the bishopric, attended with difficulty, and often with vexation, continually pressed upon his mind; so that, when the fatal blow was given, which occasioned the decease of this excellent man, it fell upon nerves disposed to accelerate its dreadful consequences. On the 8th June, 1822, he wrote to a friend in England, and expressed himself in terms which proved how much the difficulties under which he laboured had operated upon his feelings. He reminded his friend, that it was that day eight years since he embarked at Portsmouth, when Archdeacon Thomas accompanied him to the boat, and was the last of his acquaintance whom he saw in England."

"It was exceedingly improbable," he added, "that we should meet again; and, perhaps, all things considered, it was hardly to be expected, though he was the older man, that I should be the survivor: but so the Almighty had ordained it. I sometimes wonder at the manner in which, amidst the continual havoc around me, I have been preserved, and my wife also, without whom, in solitude and destitution, I should be as nothing."

"From the most authentic sources of information it appears, that on the Monday preceding his death, the Bishop received the clergy at dinner, having recently returned to his own house, which had been long under repair. And, except that he was much agitated in the early part of the evening, by information respecting a very improper proceeding of one of his clergy, he was unusually cheerful and animated."

"The next day he went down to the college at an early hour in the afternoon; from which his physician, who happened to be in the house in attendance on Mrs. Middleton, endeavoured to dissuade him, but in vain. He promised, indeed, that he would not go again at so early an hour. Little did he think that he was visiting that favourite spot for the last time!

"On Wednesday, he was occupied during eight hours in writing to government, on the subject of a suit in the supreme court; and, at length, declared himself quite exhausted; but proposed to Mrs. Middleton, who, from ill health, had not been out for several days, that she should accompany him in the carriage before the sun was gone down."

"They had not proceeded far, when, at a turn in the road, the descending sun, which is always dangerous, and especially at the damp season of the year, shone full upon him. A slight cause from without, added to the present agitated state of his nerves, was sufficient to produce serious effects. The Bishop immediately declared that he was struck by the sun, and returned home: but refused to receive medical advice, and took what was offered him by Mrs. Middleton. When he retired to rest, symptoms of fever, and irritability of mind, increased. On the following night he was with difficulty

restrained from rising and pursuing the business that pressed upon his attention.

"On the Thursday, the fever had increased so much that he wrote to his physician, Dr. Nicolson, a person in whom he had implicit and well-grounded confidence. The Bishop now indeed appeared sensible of the extent of his disorder, and said that he thought himself seriously ill, and knew not what would be the consequence. He sent a letter to his chaplain, to desire that he would take his place in the pulpit at the cathedral on the Sunday. But neither in this, nor in any other communication to his friends, was there any intimation of the extreme illness which now oppressed him. They were unconscious of the dreadful event which awaited them till two hours before he expired. The archdeacon, the senior chaplain, Mr. Trotter, whom the Bishop had distinguished by his friendship, Mr. Hawtayne, and the physician, were with him. He lay for some time exhausted by the violence of the disorder, and breathing violently, till just before his departure, when an expressive smile spread itself over his features. So tranquil was the last moment, that it was not marked by a single motion."

"Thus expired Thomas Fanshaw Middleton, at eleven o'clock on the night of Monday the 8th July 1822, in the fifty-fourth year of his age, and ninth of his consecration, to the great loss of the Christian church."

To this what can we add, but that the piety and the labours of the first Protestant Bishop of India, entitle his name to be handed down to the latest posterity, as an ornament of that Sacred Profession of which he was so distinguished a member. His portrait is prefixed. This volume, and its style of sentiment, reflect great credit on the editor and biographer.

Walladmor: "freely translated into German from the English of Sir Walter Scott;" and now freely translated from the German into English. 2 vols. 1825. Taylor & Hessey.

The curious hoax which these volumes present, is a striking instance, in spite of the literary spirit and the diffused intelligence of the present age, how much yet remains to be done in the way of extended communication and liberal intercourse. Brilliant as our European hemisphere is in parts, how desirable is it that their light should be more generally spread. We have too little knowledge of the literary progress of our neighbours, and they have still less of ours. To say nothing of the honesty of the German publishers, what shall we say for the sagacity of the German readers? They must read the Waverley novels with fine appreciation of their merit, when Walladmor could pass muster as one of them! The present translation is well executed; the pruning-hook has been most judiciously used as far as concerns the interest of the story; but we almost regret that it has not been given with all the blunders, &c. of its three-volumed original, quite as a curiosity of imitation and imposture. The hero is the son of Sir Morgan Walladmor, who, with his twin brother, has been stolen in his infancy by Gillie Godber, in revenge for the execution of her son for smuggling, that son being condemned by Sir Morgan in his magisterial capacity. He is a perfectly German hero, who, with every natural gift that could carve the way to fortune or to fame, gets involved in every desperate adventure for its mere excitement. A wild series of adventures mingle

him with the Cato-street conspirators, smugglers on the Welsh coast, &c.; and he also figures as a South American patriot. A passionate attachment to his cousin, Miss Walladmor, induces him to linger in Wales; he is taken, tried, and condemned; and as soon as sentence is passed, Gillie Godber discovers his birth to the unhappy father. He is confined in the castle; his cousin, however, plans his escape. How it succeeds the following extract will show, which we also quote as one of the most interesting parts of the book. We should mention, that the evasion is to be made by means of a South American ship, whose crew are devoted to him.

"Whence was the uproar? Some eye had detected the ladder: the alarm was given: at the very same moment the crew of the strange ship from Antwerp, half blacks and people of colour, remorseless and used to deeds of violence, but devotedly attached to their former commander, had been met by Kilmary: the partial escape had been reported to them: but after waiting some time the delay alarmed them; they had pushed on beneath the walls of the castle; the removal of the ladder confirmed their fears: and, soon after the sheriff's discovery of the escape, the attack had been made on the gate: this had given way to the strength and impetuosity of the assailants; and the great hall, with its flights of staircase and ranges of galleries, rising tier above tier, was now filled with slaughter and confusion. The uproar and clamour increased: like death-notes, every sound and every echo smote the heart of Edward Walladmor: every life that was lost was lost for him; and to linger any longer was to endanger his father's castle and all whom it contained."

"Hastily the parting kiss was given; hastily the parting tears were shed; they parted as those part who part for ever; and with a shuddering gesture Edward Walladmor threw open the door, which laid bare the bloody tragedy on the stairs. The hall, of immense altitude, was filled with surges of smoke: overhead it formed a thick canopy or awning, with pendent volumes, that here and there were broken, and showed a staircase slippery with blood and a chaos of black faces, mulattoes, dragoons, torches, gleaming arms, and accoutrements. Every gloomy corridor that issued upon the landings of the staircase—every dusky archway, some in utter darkness, some pierced with partial flashings of the flambeaux, were the scenes of mortal struggle, flight, or dying agony. Such a spectacle, by the demands which it made on his firmness and presence of mind, restored Captain Walladmor to the tranquil composure of the quarter-deck. Miss Walladmor followed him with her eyes, and stood with uplifted hands beneath the archway. He moved on with his usual self-possession and dignity; he called loudly in Spanish to his former crew; they knew the voice of their heroic commander, and sent up a loud huzza of welcome. That sound drew upon him the attention of the dragoons. One, who stood in an upper gallery, levelled his carbine and fired: a shot took effect in his left shoulder, and wounded him slightly; another shot was repelled by a brazen gird on the glazed cap which he wore; he was stunned however for the moment, and reeled against the wall. This man in the upper gallery had been hidden from Miss Walladmor by the moulded architrave of the door-way

near which she stood; but at this moment, in a lower gallery, appeared the ominous face of Gillie Godber, behind her stood a dragon. Once again her eyes glared, and her vindictive voice resounded in Walladmor hall. 'That's him,' she shouted, eagerly laying one hand upon the arm of the soldier to guide him into the right direction, whilst with the other she pointed and followed her object as he moved; 'that's the Captain; that's the traitor!' The man watched him calmly as he passed a range of pillars, and was emerging upon an open space of gallery. He levelled, and settled himself firmly for his aim. Miss Walladmor heard the voice; she saw the action; through a cloud of smoke she caught the preparation; she shrieked, raised her hands, ran forwards, with a piercing cry she exclaimed, 'Oh, no, no, no, no!' and Captain Walladmor turned, and caught her on his left arm just as the fatal bullet fled across the hall and sank into her bosom.

'The anguish of despair, and the frenzy of vengeance, as of one wounded where only he was vulnerable, chased each other over Edward Walladmor's countenance: with the 'inevitable eye' of vindictive wrath, he drew a pistol in tumultuous hurry from his belt, fired, and shot the man through the heart; then turning to Miss Walladmor, he gazed with distraction upon her pallid lips, and her black robe now crimsoned with blood. He seated himself with his lovely burthen upon the lower stair of a flight which led off at right angles from the landing on which he stood. Miss Walladmor's eyes were closed, and she was manifestly dying. Half unconsciously Edward Walladmor murmured disordered words of tenderness and distraction: some sounds fell upon her ear, and she raised her heavy eyelids. A glare of torches and black faces fell upon her eyes with the confusion of a dream; shrinking she averted them, and they rested upon what she sought: she saw the features of her cousin bending over her with the misery of love that feels its impotence to save. Life was now ebbing rapidly; a gleaming smile of tenderness fled across her face; she half raised her hands and moved her lips; Edward Walladmor bent downwards to meet the action; she put her arms feebly about his neck, whispered something to him, and then, as he kissed her lips in anguish, her arms parted from their languid grasp, and fell powerlessly on each side; she sighed deeply, her eyes closed, opened upon him once again, once again smiled her farewell love upon him, and, with that smile upon her face, rendered up her innocent spirit in the arms of him for whom she died.

'All strife was hushed by this solemn scene: Sir Charles Davenant had now appeared, and called off the soldiers from a hopeless contest. The sailors gently released Miss Walladmor from the arms of her now insensible lover, and resigned her into the hands of her women. Captain Walladmor they bore off to their boat: three hours before daylight they were on board their ship and underweigh for the south; and, as no pursuit was attempted or indeed possible, the vessel was first heard of again from the coast of South America.'

The comic parts are poor to a degree; some of the descriptive passages are good; but as a whole, we almost query whether it was worth the trouble of its able translation.

Our readers may remember, that we gave an account of Walladmor when it first appeared at Leipsic Fair; and pointed out the

fact of its being a tub for the whale. [See *Lit. Gaz.* of 27th Dec. 1823, No. 362, p. 813.]

Lisbon in the Years 1821, 22, and 23. By Mari-
anne Baillie. 2 vols. small 12mo. London
1824. J. Murray.

THESE slight and pleasing little volumes, full of feminine vivacity in their descriptions, put it in our power to diversify the graver character of our Reviews this week with an entertaining selection of Portuguese anecdote and delineation. Ladies, as in every thing else, seem to make the most agreeable travellers. One does not tire with them: and in fact they skim about like bees (without stings!) gathering sweets from every flower that attracts them; where the more pondering and ponderous creature man would be fatiguing us by investigating the stalks and digging into the roots, like a grub or beetle. How truly this simile holds with regard to Mrs. Baillie, our ensuing columns, plundered from the stores in her cells, will show.

A residence of two years and a half in the country, afforded sufficient opportunity for studying the people and observing their manners; and the first impression, which is not afterwards effaced, is far from being favourable. Our fair countrywoman, accustomed to the nice cleanliness and elegant neatness of England, is sadly annoyed by the difference which Portugal presents. Her residence is at Buenos Ayres, a suburb of Lisbon, and she says,

--- "Where shall I find words strong enough to express the disgust of my feelings, when I reflect upon the appearance of the city in the aggregate, taking into account the personal appearance and customs of some of its inhabitants! Here, every sort of impurity appears to be collected together! You are suffocated by the steams of fried fish, rancid oil, garlic, &c. at every turn, mingled with the foetid effluvia of decayed vegetables, stale provisions, and other horrors, which it is impossible to mention--to say nothing of the filthy dogs, of whom I have formerly spoken. Wretches of a lower and more squalid appearance than the most sordid denizens of our St. Giles, lie basking in the sun, near the heaps of impurity collected at the doors, while young women, (and these of a more prepossessing personal appearance, from whom one would naturally expect greater delicacy in the olfactory nerves,) hang far out of the windows above, as if they were trying purposely to inhale the pestilence which contaminates the air beneath! Men and women, children and pigs, dogs, cats, goats, diseased poultry, and skeleton hogs, all mingle together in loving fellowship, each equally enjoying what seems to be their mutual element--dirt! I must beg you to add to this, that the armies of fleas, bugs, mosquitos, and other vermin, are too numerous to be conceived even in idea, and the picture will be complete!"

Mrs. Baillie is exceedingly glad to leave this scene for the rural retirement and beauties of Cintra; whither she goes to avoid the heats of the season (July), and dissolving into poetry, which, though pretty, we shall not quote. Instead of indulging in that vein, we will select from several of her letters a few of the pictures of the country, which appear to us to be most piquant and original.

--- "The Portuguese have an amiable custom of saluting every stranger who passes them either in walking or riding--the upper classes bow courteously, and the lower gene-

rally exclaim 'Viva!' which kind wish is often accompanied by a bright and friendly smile; this is beginning to decline, however, in the near neighbourhood of the metropolis. The peasantry seem remarkably civil in their manner to those above them, without any exhibition of crouching servility; a muleteer, an almocreve, or a postilion, who happens to meet you in a narrow pass, will almost always take care to annoy you as little as possible; still, I am sorry to add, that in Lisbon, they behave by no means so well. The women now and then ran out of their cottages after us, making friendly signs, and beckoning with the two middle fingers, in a manner peculiar to all the Portuguese of whatever rank; this action simply means to express 'How do you do?' some among them know as much English as to exclaim, 'How do do?' of which acquirement they appear very proud. My little boy excites much good will from all he passes upon the road; they call out, 'Bonito, bonito, bonito,' (pretty, very pretty!) and frequently attempt to caress him; indeed, I have once or twice been obliged to prevent them from taking him up before them upon their burinhos, as they ride to market. Three or four ancient beggars, clad in weeds of every variety of colour, and with long pastoral staves in their hands, usually spend their time, basking in the sun, upon a low stone wall in front of our hotel; when I mounted my burinho this morning, my boy remained for a few minutes in the house, not being quite ready to join me; upon which these hoary sires inquired, with much appearance of disappointment, 'where the little one was?'--I have met with few beggars in this neighbourhood, and those have never been troublesome or importunate; in Lisbon, however, they swarm about the door of every shop, watching the coming out of the purchaser, whom they have followed thither for the purpose of ascertaining that he has furnished himself with small change; they then assail him like mosquitos or hornets, and are hardly to be repulsed till they have obtained what they request. The manners of women toward each other, are remarkably *caressante*; the servant-girl of the hotel at Buenos Ayres kissed my maid upon our first arrival, as a matter of course, and the abigail of a senhora now staying at Cintra, in the same house with ourselves, never meets her that she does not take hold of both her hands, repeatedly kissing her upon the cheek. The laundress we employ is a Moor; her dark skin and rolling eyes have a striking effect, half veiled in the ample white handkerchief which she has adopted in compliance with the native women in her class: upon being first introduced to me as her employer, I was in bed, and she gravely walked up to me, bowing in a courteous manner, and kissed my hand, saying, in good English, that she should take pleasure in serving my family; this custom is universal: all the servants of the house kiss the hand of the patrona (mistress), after every little absence on either side; and children, in some families, do the same to their parents, even upon quitting them for half an hour, repeating the same ceremony upon their return; there is a sort of patriarchal simplicity and cordiality in this, which is very attaching. --

"The women wear scarcely any petticoats, even in winter, and some of the lower classes none whatever, contenting themselves with the chemise, covered only by the gown. The latter never wear night-caps, and many still

continue the ancient fashion of sleeping in a state of nature, considering clothes, during the night, as equally unwholesome and unnecessary. Both sexes adopt this practice. My informant went one morning lately to visit a lady in Lisbon: upon entering the room, she (being still in bed) invited her visitor to sit down by her side, and arising from her pillow embraced her; the latter started involuntarily back, for the lady was perfectly unclothed!—but this, I believe, does not extend to the better educated and more refined classes of society. The nobility (unlike those of Spain, who, in the days of Cervantes, left the custom to the common people,) universally eat a great deal of garlic and aniseed, and, in consequence, the courtly whisper of the highest bred Fidalgo, differs not at all from the coarse breath of the meanest mechanic or peasant—it will be easily imagined that neither resembled the perfumed gale of Arabia!—

“I have just received a visit from the Spanish ambassador extraordinary, and his countess. I dare not attempt to *spell* their names, the guttural sound of which renders the task hopeless to a foreigner. The Ambassador is a dignified and graceful personage, and the ambassadress a pretty and engaging woman, whose complexion is as fair and delicate as that of any English beauty, while the latter can seldom boast of such dark and richly fringed hazel eyes. Like most Spanish women, she is full of fire and animation; talks French fluently, and is wholly free from hauteur or affectation. I do not hear that she possesses an *appendage* which is but too common to the ladies of her country—the *cicesbeo*. There appears to be a great (or rather a little) jealousy generally existing in the minds of the Portuguese towards Spaniards; the women, especially, seem to hate each other cordially; and if I were to give implicit credence to all the tales I have been told by the former of the latter, my hair (being a sober English woman) might chance to stand on end! I must, in candour, acknowledge, that I thought the ladies of Lisbon behaved, generally speaking, with great neglect towards the ambassadress, in suffering her to remain, for nearly the whole of her sojourn among them, in her solitary hotel, without paying her the attention even of a ceremonious visit. There was a want of hospitality and of kind feeling about this mode of conduct, which appeared the more glaring, as it was well known that her family was not only one of the highest in Spain, but that she had received a remarkably good education, and possessed personal claims to esteem and respect.

“Among many anecdotes of Spanish customs and manners, I will repeat the following, which will, doubtless, somewhat surprise you.—The late Baron de B. (a Portuguese,) was travelling, some years since, in Spain, and passed a few days under the roof of a lady of high rank, whose husband was one of the most distinguished persons in the government. The bed-rooms there are frequently without doors, a slight curtain only covering the entrance to each. The Baron was a favourite of the fair hostess. One morning as she was in her own apartment, she heard his footsteps passing along the gallery, and called out to him to come and sit down. The gentleman hesitated a good deal, surprised at her freedom of manner, (for the Portuguese are far more reserved than the Spaniards in every outward

appearance,) and perceiving her maid standing at the entrance, he asked, if her lady was dressed and would admit him? ‘Dressed!’ repeated the laughing damsel, ‘what difference can that make? come in—come in.’ He accordingly complied, and found her in bed, with one foot exposed to the inspection of the family surgeon, who was preparing a penknife to cut her excellency’s corns! A French belle receives male visitors at her toilette, but she has too much coquetry to exhibit a *disagreeable* spectacle to the eyes of her flatterers: how impolitic the sang-froid of the other was I need not waste time in expressing. The same lady had a very large party of distinguished nobility at dinner. She intended to go to the theatre at night, and a few minutes before the proper hour, her maid entered the apartment, with a box of jewels, from which she coolly selected what she thought most splendid, and putting them upon her mistress, chattered the whole time to the noble visitors, without appearing in the least restrained or impressed by their superior rank. As soon as her excellency was adorned, she called for coffee, and placing her feet upon a pan of hot charcoal, (used during the winter, in Spain,) she carelessly turned one beautiful leg over the other, so as to display not only their own symmetry, but a pair of very rich garters, which hung down in golden tassels, and began to smoke.

“The Portuguese ambassadress had at that time just arrived in Spain. She enquired what would be expected of her, from the *Hidalgos*, among whom she was come to reside; and was told, that it might be proper to begin by giving a ball and supper. Accordingly the tickets of invitation were issued, and a magnificent entertainment prepared. The stated night arrived, and the Portuguese, covered with jewels, prepared to receive her guests; but to her great surprise, scarcely any one appeared! Hour after hour elapsed, and still the musicians played to the walls and benches! The supper was equally neglected, and in short the whole entertainment thrown away. A few days afterwards, she received from the French ambassadress, a solution of the mystery. ‘How did your excellency word the tickets of invitation?’

‘I scarcely understand your question.’ ‘I mean, who did you mention in each card?’ ‘The heads, and the principal members of every family, of course.’ ‘No one else?’ ‘Certainly not; who should there have been in addition?’ At these words the French woman yielded to an inexpressible burst of laughter. ‘Forgive me, Madam,’ said she ‘but your simplicity is so infinitely amusing! you should never have asked husband and wife together; had you invited every lady and her *cicesbeo*, your rooms would have overflowed!’ The Portuguese, in order to prove the truth of this hint, gave another ball, wording her invitations in the proper manner, and the consequence was, that her entertainment was the most brilliant and numerously attended that it is possible to conceive.---

“We went the other evening to Ramallao, a palace and gardens belonging to the queen; the grounds are laid out in the ancient Dutch style, and the palace on the outside, (for we were not allowed to enter,) appears but a shabby and tasteless residence; many of the houses belonging to the first nobility have this exterior effect, and the utter want of comfort and delicacy is evident

at the first glance, from the filthy dung heaps which are for ever found, (undisturbed by a broom or any other scavenger than the dogs,) lying beneath the windows of the best apartments: a number of fowls are always kept by every family, whether rich or poor, and as they never make any use of the feathers, they are suffered to remain uncollected; by which means an accumulation of fleas and vermin is infallibly induced, which sometimes rises to the torment of an Egyptian plague: I shall never forget seeing the Count de — for the first time, in the forenoon of a very hot day, standing out in a balcony of his palace as it is called, (a building which, however spacious, had all the air of a sordid gloomy dilapidated prison,) dressed in his usual morning *deshabille*, hands face and teeth unwashed, hair in disorder, and with a swarthy beard which evidently had not felt a razor for two or three days, a tooth-pick in his mouth, which (as *Malvolio* seems to think) is a great and dignified resource for idle persons of high rank, and hanging over the fumes of one of the largest heaps of impurity that I had yet seen, even in the filthiest streets of Lisbon; such a specimen of a nobleman and his palace, was indeed not to be passed over without due wonder and admiration!

“I have seen a singular equipage, belonging to a gentleman of the neighbourhood who has a large family, but who cannot afford to keep horses or mules for their accommodation; a clumsy old coach, (as large as a travelling caravan at an English fair, or a barge,) drawn by *bullocks*. This ponderous machine is well suited to the state of the roads in Portugal, (which are all dreadfully rough and dangerous,) and I dare say it would contain three times the number of persons who were stowed, as the poet informs us, in the chaise of Johnny Gilpin’s wife. This Noah’s ark stopped at the gates of several houses here, and the door was with some difficulty wrenched open by the driver, (drover I ought to say,) who also enacted the part of footman. I must own, I should greatly enjoy seeing a London fine lady condemned to make her round of visits in a similar vehicle, after having been accustomed all her life to the Sybarite indulgence of her vis-a-vis, lined with eider down, and hung upon springs of the best workmanship: let it not be imagined that the antediluvian coach in question was merely a country contrivance, for the same sort of things are frequently seen even in the streets of the fashionable metropolis of Lisbon. As far as my own experience goes, I am inclined to believe that I was told nothing but the truth, when it was said that the higher classes of females in Portugal are almost always plain: we have lately been introduced to a few *donnas*, who have the reputation of beauty; Rubens perhaps might have admired their persons, which were full, even to excess, although he would have found no tints of complexion worthy the emulation of his pencil; as to my own opinion, I must confess, that I thought their face and form highly inelegant and clumsy, and that I am utterly at a loss to conceive how it is possible to think these ladies beautiful.---

“The Portuguese are by no means less proud of their city, than the Spanish proverb tells us that people are of Seville; indeed they seem not at all behind the Chinese in their estimation of their own capital as the metropolis of the universe, the true centre of the

'celestial empire.' A little satirical work, lately published, (or republished, I know not which,) is said to have ruffled the plumes of this self-important people, though it is questioned whether they will improve by its useful hints; its title is 'Adam alive again,' who is supposed to be permitted to return to earth, for the purpose of making the tour of the world. Our worthy progenitor, like many other old gentlemen, is both surprised and indignant at every change that has been introduced since his own time, considering the highest improvements in the light of innovations: he passes rapidly through England, France, Italy, Germany and other countries, and finds nothing but perpetual subjects of annoyance; in the remote parts of Germany, indeed, he is a little comforted by perceiving some remains of venerable and primitive ignorance, but when he comes to Portugal he breathes freely. 'Here,' he exclaims in a rapture, 'here will I take up my future abode; here are no nonsensical refinements, no learning, no science, no literature; agriculture is free from modern presumptuous innovations, and so far from having been pestered with what are called the 'fine arts,' I can scarcely perceive any appearance of what are denominated by the ridiculous philosophers of the day, 'useful inventions;' the wise, the noble, the magnanimous Portuguese have in no respect altered since I left the world, and they alone are worthy the honour of my association."

These traits of manners are sufficient to illustrate the author's skill in painting them. In anecdote, we think her equally successful. Premising that she has imbibed a very bad opinion of the bigotry and superstition of the Portuguese clergy and people, we shall extract some of those notices with which she enlivens her epistles, including such as belong to the subject alluded to.

"A lady who called upon me this morning, and who has passed twenty years of her life in this country, related an anecdote of the King upon his first arrival at Queluz, strikingly characteristic of that tenaciousness of etiquette, which sufficiently evinces the real state of his feelings, however he may continue to repress their more serious ebullition. Entering one of the state apartments, he observed chairs placed there, which is an unusual circumstance: 'What is all this, what is all this!' said he, 'how came these chairs here?' To which the attendants replying that they were intended for the use of the Cortes, when they came to pay their duty to his Majesty, he quickly rejoined, 'The Cortes! take them away instantly! no person shall ever use a chair in my presence!'—All the royal family have hitherto been approached on the knee only; and a Portuguese lady and her daughters, in rather delicate health, complained to me very lately, that it was always so great a fatigue to them to pay a visit to the Queen and Princesses in their own apartments, that they usually went to bed immediately after their return from the royal presence, and this in consequence of their being obliged to remain kneeling the whole time that these high personages chose to prolong the conversation! When they go abroad, every body, no matter how illustrious their rank, (for the first nobility are looked upon by the King as his servants,) are under the necessity of descending from their carriages or horses, and of humbly saluting them as they pass, to which

they seldom return even the slightest inclination of the head. ---

"I am as yet ignorant of the existing character of the Portuguese clergy, generally considered; but the following anecdote relative to an individual *padre*, which was related to me by an English gentleman, does not greatly prepossess a protestant in its favour. 'A woman in the lower class of society, being oppressed by the weight of some family misfortune, went to one of the churches to pray; she was found by this priest upon her knees, pouring out her supplications to that Almighty Redeemer, who alone is able to save! 'Why do you pray to Jesus Christ?' said he: 'apply rather to such and such *saints*, for they are so powerful in heaven, that they are able to do every thing for you, and may ask *whatsoever they choose* of Jesus Christ, *who dares not refuse them*!' I cannot, however, bring myself to believe this tale! The common people at Lisbon are all much *horrified* at the idea of our priests being allowed to marry; the former minister of the English factory resident there, had for a length of time continued to be greatly respected among them, until they heard that he was upon the point of returning to England, with an intention of being married; then indeed he sunk at once in their estimation, nor were all his virtues able to save his memory from reproach and scandal. Our present clergyman came hither accompanied by his wife, and for the first few months after her arrival, she could not appear in the streets without being pointed and gazed at, with displeased curiosity by the populace, as 'the *English padre's* wife.' ---

"A reverend father confessor was one day gravely seated in his confessional, listening to the peccadinhos of a poor negress, whose chief failing was that of drunkenness; the confessor, as she was rather *protix* in her acknowledgments, took the opportunity of going very comfortably to sleep, secure in his snug retreat of not being observed by any prying or profane eye; the negress, having finished what she had to say, waited a considerable time in expectation of receiving absolution; but finding that the holy father remained silent, concluded that he was too much shocked at her enormities to speak, and, with a deep sigh, she quietly withdrew from the grate, and went out of the church. At the same moment, the *Senhora* (somebody,) the young and handsome wife of one of the richest merchants in the country, arrived, took possession of the vacant space, and began to confess her sins to the same worthy auditor: she had hardly begun, when the latter, suddenly awakening from his nap, and concluding the negress to be still at the grate, commenced, in his turn, a severe reprimand upon the subject of her drunken propensities: nothing could equal the indignation of the *Senhora*; conceiving herself to be the person really addressed, she launched forth in the most furious manner; venting her wrath at what she called the 'infamous' calumnies of the priest, in language too gross to repeat."

But we will not dwell on these stories, as our limits begin to hint at a close, and we have only drawn upon Mrs. Baillie's first volume, of some 200 brief pages. Perhaps, as her work is amusing and light, we may as well content ourselves here for the present, and reserve vol. II. for a variety in our next publication. So let it be: and we only add, that when Mrs. B. says Camoens is almost the only native poet who has risen above mediocrity,

the assertion takes too wide a range; when she recognises pictures by M. Angelo in a private collection at Lisbon, she is mistaken.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Choix des Classiques Français dirigé par L. T. Ventouillac. 9ème livraison. Londres 1824. J. Low, and Treuttel, Würtz, Treuttel, & Richter.

A selection from the French classics, which might be placed with advantage in the hands of young people, has long been a desideratum in our juvenile literature. The nature of some, the cumbersome size of others, excluded from the youthful library many works both of useful and elegant information. The present little edition completely supplies that want. Of neat size, and prettily ornamented, it is quite cut out for a lady's book-case. The two small volumes now before us contain selections from Corneille; they consist of a judicious essay on the progress of dramatic literature; *Le Cid*, *Horace*, *Cinna*, &c., and two or three pretty wood-cuts, and a likeness of Corneille.

M. Ventouillac has executed his task most judiciously; and most cordially do we recommend the work.

Love Letters of Mary Queen of Scots, &c.

By Hugh Campbell.

THE brief notice taken of this publication in the *Literary Gazette* of the 11th December, has, it is stated, been misconstrued to the disadvantage of the author. There certainly was not the slightest intention of imputing the forgery of the letters to the author of the work, or even of declaring them to be forged at all. The Reviewer simply did not, at first sight, recognise their authenticity; and on the question of Mary's guilt or innocence, held an opinion more favourable to her than that at which the author has arrived from a view of the many volumes, for and against, which he has quoted.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

M. RUPPELL TO BARON VON ZACH.

Amboke, 3d May 1824.

WHEN I had the honour to send my last letter of 24th February from the camp at Kurgos, and the observations which I had made there, I was in a very distressing situation, from which I was unable to extricate myself till M. Hey returned from Bahher Abbiad, much dissatisfied with his excursion; when I had to return by the same way that I came six months ago. Notwithstanding all these crosses, I have resumed my courage. I meant to tempt my fortune once more, and to make another effort to penetrate from Dalbe, by the great desert of Haraze, into the country of Kordofan. All the accounts which I have been able to collect have again animated me, and inspired me with increased ardour to visit that country, which contains a great variety of things curious and useful, in all the branches of human knowledge.

There is in Kordofan an entire chain of half-extinguished volcanoes, extremely interesting: for instance, at Gebel-Koldagi, where a conical summit, of great height, which smokes and emits hot ashes without interruption.

On another mountain, to the south-west of Ubeit, there are numerous chambers hewn in the rock, on the walls of which the figures of animals are carved. Benches of stone are placed round these walls, and the roofs are supported by stone pillars.

A slave who lived near Koldagi told me, of his own accord, that there was in his country an animal of the size of a cow, and of the slender make of a gazelle. Its skin is covered with short hair of a yellowish colour inclining to red, with a white stripe on the forehead and nose. The male has on his forehead a long, straight horn; the female has none. This animal is called in the country *Nilukma*. I have more than one reason for crediting the account given by this slave, who besides never had been questioned respecting the existence of the unicorn.* The same slave has given me a very faithful and correct account of the Gambia Goose, which is very common in his country.

I will now speak of a very extraordinary map of Kordofan, and the country on the Nile, which lies between the 12th and 19th degrees of latitude. It has been entirely laid down from materials which the Commander-in-Chief, Mehemet Bey, son-in-law of Mehemet Ali Pacha, has had the goodness to communicate to me. It contains only those places which this remarkable man has himself passed through and visited in his campaigns during the last four years. Mehemet Bey is one of the very few Turks who esteem and honour the sciences: he is passionately fond of geography, and takes uncommon interest in the new discoveries made in that branch of knowledge. He always carries with him a great terrestrial atlas, made at Constantinople, and several modern Turkish works, which treat on Geography, Astronomy, and Natural Philosophy. He has some knowledge of all these sciences, and he displays it with a sort of pride and vanity before persons who have the same taste for them as himself. I was much surprised to hear him explain, with great clearness and precision, the phenomena of refraction and of attraction. He asked me the true cause of the declination and variation of the magnetic needle. I confess that no school-boy was ever more embarrassed than I was on this occasion. I communicate to you all these particulars, that you may yourself appreciate and form a judgment of the person from whom I have the geographical data, from which I have laid down the map which I have the honour to send you with this letter.†

I have given you the portrait of this extraordinary man, but only on one side: his cruelty surpasses every thing that has been said, reported, and told of the ferocity of the most horrible tyrants of antiquity of whom history makes mention. It is not easy to deal with men of such a character, especially when one is in their power.

Mehemet Bey was placed in 1820 by his father-in-law, Mehemet Ali Pacha, at the head of an army, to go and conquer Kordofan, and to impress negroes, who were afterwards made soldiers in Egypt. He perfectly fulfilled this commission by the brilliant victory which he gained at Bara over the Melik Muslem, in which the latter and eighteen other Meliks were killed. To collect the number of negroes required to recruit the armies of Egypt, Mehemet Bey made long and extensive excursions among the mountains inhabited by the Nubas. He made a tour in them, which led him through a great part of

Kordofan. He afterwards received orders to revenge the murder of Ismael Pacha, son of the Viceroy of Egypt. He marched with his army from Kordofan by way of Omganater, towards the Bahher Abbiad, across the peninsula to Wed-Medina. He continued his march along the eastern bank of the Bahher Asrak, and of the Nile, as far as Schendy, at which place the assassination had been committed. Here he ordered a terrible carnage, and totally destroyed Schendy; thence he returned to Kordofan, ascending the Bahher-Abbiad.

A second campaign led him from Wed-Medina, in an easterly direction, as far as the frontiers of Abyssinia; thence he followed the course of the Atbara, as far as Gos-Regiab, and traversed the countries of Taka and Hallanka. In this last he was beaten at Soderab, which obliged him to retreat to Gos-Regiab. He proceeded along the Atbara to its junction with the Nile near Damer, and so returned to his head quarters at the camp of Gurbak, where he arrived at the beginning of this year.

Now I must inform you that in all these marches and counter-marches Mehemet Bey informed himself very accurately of the distances of the places, of the directions and bearings of the roads by which he had passed, with the express view of making a correct map of those countries. In fact, after he returned to his camp at Gurbak, he employed his leisure moments in placing all the points, according to their distances and directions, on a large piece of cloth ten feet long.

Mehemet Bey showed me this canvass, and explained to me all the materials which had served him in the composition of his map, without any conceit; on the contrary, he added that he knew very well that the sketch was very defective, and that this was the reason he showed it me, requesting me to make the necessary corrections in it. I immediately set to work.

As I had two points on this map, Gurbak and Ambukol, very well determined, as I hope; and as I knew, by several trials, that thirty-five days' journey performed by camels make one degree of latitude; and that all the distances given by Mehemet Bey were in days' journeys performed by camels, it was easy for me to lay down this map a little better. I think that I have pretty well succeeded, and that it will give a very just idea of the country south of the Nile between the 19th and 11th degree of latitude. If M. Latorsec should happen to have made some good geometrical observations between Gurbak and Fazaglo, they may serve to rectify my map in this part; and if I have the good fortune to penetrate into Kordofan, and to determine some points there, I may hope also to correct it myself.

* We must evidently read *ten* instead of *one*, which gives 17 miles (60 to a degree) per day. This agrees pretty nearly with the calculation of M. Walckenaer.

Note of the Editor of the *Nouvelles Annales des Voyages*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

EVENING AMUSEMENTS FOR JANUARY.

The great fountain of light and heat, the Sun, was at its highest elevation to the South Pole on the 21st of last month, and then traversed a circuit in the heavens for 24 hours, at the height of $23^{\circ} 27'$. At this time all the inhabitants within the Arctic Circle are deprived of its light; and the North Pole will continue in darkness till the 20th of next March, when the Sun will once more shed

his beams on that part of the world, and continue above the horizon for the following six months. Our enterprising countrymen on the Polar Expedition are now most probably in a situation where the Sun does not rise, and all around them must present a picture of winter in its most chilling aspect. There are perhaps but few occasions that excite a more lively interest in the heart than the daily calculation of the appearance of the bright luminary to the verge of the horizon; and when it comes, the approach is like the well-remembered countenance of a faithful friend, whose absence had been mourned, and whose presence is again hailed with transport to cheer the hours of solitude. The Sun is now returning to the northern hemisphere, and will daily increase his altitude to us. All this, and consequently the variety of the seasons, is occasioned by the inclination and parallelism of the Earth's axis during its revolution. The Moon, in her orbit and passage through the different zodiacal constellations, frequently comes in conjunction with the fixed stars, which in some parts of the world are occultations. When these conjunctions take place with the planets, their appearances become exceedingly interesting, particularly if the difference of latitude is not more than a degree. To the observer who bears in mind the magnitudes of the heavenly bodies, nothing can convey a stronger idea of their respective distances. The conjunctions of the Moon visible to us will be with Saturn on the 1st day (this evening,) at 9h 30m; on the 3d day, with γ Gemini, at 13h, and μ Gemini, 16h; on the 4th day, with ζ Gemini, at 8h, and the δ Gemini, 15h; on the 6th day, with Jupiter, at 8h; on the 7th day, with π Leo, at 10h; on the 21st day, with Mars, at 8h 30m (invisible, but previous to setting they will be seen near together;) 22d day, with Venus (the same as Mars' conjunction takes place a few minutes before 11h;) on the 28th day, again with Saturn, at 9h 27m; and on the 30th day, with a small star called 132 of Taurus, forming a right-angled triangle with β and ζ of Taurus. Throughout the month, about 9 o'clock in the evening, Orion will be on or near the meridian, and all the most brilliant constellations of our hemisphere will then be visible above the horizon. The Via Lactea from SEbS. to NWbN.

Phases of the Moon.

☉ Full Moon	4 ^h 11 ^m 40 ^m
☾ Last Quarter	11 3 54
☾ New Moon	18 15 43
☽ First Quarter	26 20 24

Jan. 1, Mercury sets SWbW $\frac{1}{2}$ W... 5^h 31^m
Mercury may be seen for an evening or two in the constellation Capricornus, below α β , at 5 o'clock, in the SW.

Jan. 1, Venus culminates	2 ^h 41 ^m
— sets SWbW $\frac{1}{2}$ W	7 15
— 25, ζ culminates	2 45
— sets W $\frac{1}{2}$ S	8 20

Venus passes from the tail of Capricornus through Aquarius into Pisces, with 9 dig. of her western part illuminated. On the 1st day Venus will be in ζ with γ ; 3d day with δ Capricornus; 6th day, ϵ ; 12th day, δ ; 20th day, a cluster of stars of 6th magnitude; 22d day, ϕ of Aquarius. This planet will be a beautiful telescopic object for our evenings.

Jan. 1, Mars culminates	2 ^h 25 ^m
— sets SWbW $\frac{1}{2}$ W	6 58
— 25, ζ culminates	1 55
— sets WbS $\frac{1}{2}$ S	7 5

Mars passes from Capricornus into Aqua-

* A recent account from the East Indies describes a similar animal beyond the Himalayah mountains, only of a darker colour. A horn, it is said, was brought to Bengal.

† Baron Zach announces that this map, and all the papers relative to it, will be published in the next Number of the "Astronomical Correspondence."

rius. The commencement of the month will display three planets, Mercury, Venus, and Mars, in one constellation. ♀ Aquarius 8th day.

Jan. 1, Jupiter rises NEBE $\frac{1}{2}$ E. ... 6^h 29^m
 ——— culminates 14 9
 ——— 25, $\frac{1}{2}$ rises 4 30
 ——— culminates 12 15

Jupiter is in the constellation Cancer, with a small regressive motion. He will be in opposition 28th day at 5h. The eclipses of his Satellites before midnight are—

1st Sat. Immers.	2d Sat. Immers.	4th Sat. D. H. M.
D. H. M.	D. H. M.	D. H. M.
1 8 17	24 7 19 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 8 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ Im.
8 10 10 $\frac{1}{2}$		1 12 39 $\frac{1}{2}$ E.
17 6 32 $\frac{1}{2}$		18 6 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ E.
24 8 20 $\frac{1}{2}$		

On the 1st day, at 9h, only one of Jupiter's Satellites will appear, the 1st and 4th being eclipsed, and the 2d invisible on the face of the planet. Throughout the month the conjunctions of the Satellites with each other, between the hours of 8 and 10, will be found peculiarly pleasing to watch.

Jan. 1, Saturn rises NEBE $\frac{1}{2}$ E. ... 1^h 26^m
 ——— culminates 9 12
 ——— 25, $\frac{1}{2}$ culminates 7 25
 ——— sets NWB $\frac{1}{2}$ W. 15 10

Saturn, with scarcely a perceptible variation, remains in the head of Taurus, between the Hyades and Pleiades. His rings are well worth the most minute attention. Saturn will be in ♀ with a small star at commencement of the month.

The Georgian is too near the Sun to be visible. His ♀ with that luminary takes place on the 5th day at 21h 17m.

[The 'Third Number of Dr. Brewster's "Edinburgh Journal of Science" has just reached us; and claims our notice for the great variety, interest, and importance of its contents. It truly robes Science in her most pleasing colours and costume; and as we are about to borrow from it considerably, in order to adorn this department of our *Gazette*, we consider it but fair to preface the obligation with this tribute of acknowledgment.]

Sixth Sense in Fishes.—In a curious paper by Dr. Knox on the theory of a *Sixth Sense in Fishes*, supposed to reside in certain tubular organs of Sharks and Rays, which are found, on dissection, immediately under the integuments of the head; the ingenious writer is inclined to agree with Mr. Jacobson that these organs are organs of touch. He describes the parallel transparent tubes as they appear, filled with a gelatinous fluid, and largely supplied with nerves which communicate with these integuments; and he also gives an account of their (probable) modes of action—adding his opinion that "they may be classed with the sixth sense invented by Buffon, with the theories of Spallanzani relative to the accurate flight of bats through darkened chambers, after he had destroyed the organs of sight and hearing, leaving to them that organ of sense by which the flight was really directed; or with the *sense of resistance*, which a skilful metaphysical writer invented and defended so plausibly.

"We cannot, I imagine, greatly err in considering these organs as organs of touch, so modified, however, as to hold an intermediate place between the sensations of touch and hearing. They may perceive the undulations of the waters, and seem admirably adapted for this purpose by the quan-

tity of nerves distributed to them; by the interposition of a tremulous gelatinous body interposed between the sentient extremities of these nerves and the impressing medium, and by the intimate connection of the sixth and auditory pairs of nerves of fishes.

"The boldness and rapacity of the shark, and perhaps also of the ray, imply the presence of active organs of sense. The eyeball is large, and the sight apparently tolerably good, but quite inadequate to explain the facility with which the shark discovers and follows a vessel through the trackless ocean; it is not improbable, therefore, that he owes this faculty to the organs we have just endeavoured to describe. The undulation of the water caused by a tolerably large vessel must be sufficiently strong to impress a sensation on organs so exceedingly delicate, and to advertise their possessor of the presence of a living or at least a moving body.

"There is still another reason for supposing these organs to exercise, though in a peculiar way, the sense of touch. It is this: Linné notices several sharks as possessing a sort of cirri around the mouth, and particularly under the throat and lower jaw; and the same appearances have been remarked by a late observer as occurring in the enormous ray frequenting the seas of the West Indian Islands; now, these cirri may, perhaps, be mere prolongations of the tubular organs, or a substitute for them.

"Thus it would seem that the nerves of the fifth pair undergo considerable modifications in different animals, according to the nature of their peripheral terminations. When expanded in the papillae of the tongue, certain branches of this nerve in most of the mammalia become gustatory; in the proboscis of the elephant, of the tapir, and in the prolonged snout of the pig, mole, ornithorhynchus, and duck, they are true organs of touch, less perfect than the human hand only by reason of the form of the organ on which the nerves terminate. In certain fishes possessing labial cirri, they very evidently exercise the same sensation, viz. that of touch: lastly, in sharks and rays they are distributed to a new organ, holding as it were an intermediate place between touch and hearing, but approaching nearest to the latter."

FINE ARTS.

WE have much pleasure in announcing that several works of the highest promise are in progress to adorn the Gallery of that liberal and judicious Patron of British Art, Sir John Leicester. Among these we can enumerate, a whole-length portrait of the King, by Sir Thomas Lawrence; a fancy subject, of a beautiful female figure, by Thomson, in his happiest style; Sir J. Leicester's Regiment of Cheshire Yeomanry on the sands at Liverpool, by Jones; a historical composition, by Holland; and an improved and exquisite composition, on an enlarged scale, of Slender and sweet Anna Page, by Leslie. This is indeed the way to form truly British Galleries—to encourage native talent, and to render the abodes of the superior ranks equally honourable to their owners and delightful to others—charming to the eye, and grateful to the mind.

MR. TAYLOR TO MR. CHARLES NODIER.

Pompéi, Nov. 16, 1834.

HERCULANEUM and Pompéi form such important objects in the history of ancient times,

that in order to study them as they deserve, we must live, we must reside upon the spot.

In order to follow up a very curious search in which I am engaged, I have taken up my residence in the house of Diomed; it stands at the gate of the city, near the road of the tombs, and is so conveniently situated for my object, that I have preferred it to the palaces near the Forum. Next door to the house I lodge in, is the house in which Salustius resided.

Much has been written on the subject of Pompéi, and many erroneous statements have been made respecting it. The first cause of this, may be found in the plan adopted by the former government of Naples, who refused the liberty of residing there for any time or of taking sketches, in order to reserve for artists employed by themselves the advantage of publishing the fruit of their labours and inquiries: an absurd system, always attended with the greatest disadvantages. For instance, an individual named Martorelli was occupied for two years in writing an enormous Memoir in order to prove that the ancients were unacquainted with the use of glass for windows, and fifteen days after the publication of his folio, a house was discovered, all the windows of which were paneled with glass. The accident that occurred to this poor antiquary, will doubtless be often renewed, for the greater part of our modern archaeologists have the fault of studying exclusively in books, in order to obtain some knowledge of the monuments of past ages. More than this must be done; we must search the earth itself on which the people lived whom we are desirous to know, and it is by comparing the monuments on the spot where they stand, that the mind becomes armed against all those false theories and prejudices by which the learned world is inundated.

But to cease digression, as I am under the porticos of the Academy at Pompéi, and at the foot of the tribune, let me speak of the Romans.

The searches are carried on with perseverance; and with much order and care, a new quarter of the town and magnificent hot baths have just been discovered. In one of the rooms of those baths my attention has been particularly attracted by three seats made of bronze, of a form entirely unknown, and in the highest state of preservation. On one of them was placed the skeleton of a female whose arms and neck were covered with jewels: in addition to gold bracelets, the form of which was already known, I have taken off the neck of the skeleton a necklace, the workmanship of which is absolutely miraculous. I assure you that our most skilful jewellers could make nothing more elegant, or of a better taste. It has all the beautiful workmanship of the Moorish jewels which I examined at Granada, and the same designs which are to be found in the dresses of the Moorish women, and on the Jewesses of Teuan on the coast of Africa. The bracelets form a single ring, and are so perfectly resembling each other, that one would suppose them manufactured by the same artist.

The principal hall of the baths is covered with beautiful ornaments, and the cornice is supported by an infinite number of small figures in alto-relievo of a very original character.

It is difficult to describe the charm that one feels in touching these objects on the

very spot where they have stood for ages, and before the illusion is entirely destroyed. One of the windows was covered with magnificent glass, which has just been deposited in the Museum of Naples. All the jewels have been taken to the King. They will be shown to the public in a few days.

The number of works on Pompeii is very considerable, and an entire Academy is still busy in writing upon the subject. The French have also had the glory of carrying on researches in the midst of the old lava of Vesuvius.

The Academy of Herculanum has published some volumes; Piranesi has published a short memoir; Dancora has given the fruit of his researches in a work which displays the greatest erudition; the English in the time of Hamilton, and above all our Abbé de Saint-Nou, have published some drawings and very curious relations; but the most complete work in every respect that has been published on the subject of Pompeii is that of the Comte de Clarac, who was himself present at the excavations made in 1813.

Pompeii has been for twenty centuries buried in the entrails of the earth; whole nations have passed away over its head; its monuments have remained standing, and all its ornaments, untouched by the hand of time. A contemporary of Augustus, were he to return on this earth, might say, "Hail, my country! my place of dwelling is the only one on the earth that has preserved its form, and even to the most insignificant objects of my affections—Behold my bed, behold my favourite authors—My paintings are still as fresh as on the day they first ornamented my walls. Let me traverse the city, I recognise the spot, where, for the first time, I applauded the delightful scenes of Euripides and of Terence."

Rome is one vast museum. Pompeii is a living antiquity. I have only one more wish to form, and that is, that I may have the pleasure of acting there one day as your cicerone - - - I go to the temple to solicit that favour from the gods. - - -

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO A LADY.

If love be bliss, pray take thy share,
Mine has been sorrow's bitter pill;
To Cupid offer up thy prayer,
And be the idol of his will;
To thee, perhaps, the Fates may prove
More favouring than to me, in love.
Then gaily speed thy hours away
On wings of joy and rosy pleasure;
Nor sober thought thy sports delay,
Nor jealous time thy moments measure.
Thou deem'st me happy—think not so—
Each smile is but the mask of woe.
My life has been a course of care;
E'en from my cradle I have been
The slave of fancy, and the heir
Of grief oft felt, but seldom seen.
Deem me not happy, then—alas!
My sun is cold, though bright it pass—
Whilst on my cheek there dwells a smile,
Oh, judge not of my heart the while!—J. R.

DESPAIR.

It is not peace, this dreamless calm,
Which I at length have learnt to feel;
My soul, though lull'd, hath found no balm,
The sorrow it once knew, to heal.
It is not health, that free from pain
I breathe like those with vigour rife—
That strength and even youth remain;
Alas, alas! I sit but life.

It is not thought, that makes me muse
And seem to study—vain endeavour!
My thoughts all rule, all pow'r refuse—
They dwell with those I've left for ever.

'T is not disgust, that makes me live,
From scenes once known and lov'd, estrang'd;
Though they no more can pleasure give,
The mind, and not the taste, is chang'd.

It is not joy, that, sometimes gay,
I share the laugh of beings light;
Too often smiles that play by day,
Contrast with tears that fall by night.

It is not fear, that makes me shun
The image death would bring to me;
That form were sweet, were it but one
That told me I could cease to be.

Oh, no! 't is not from peace this calm,
Nor hope, that charms with aspect fair;
Nor from Religion's holy balm;
It is—the stupor of despair. P. S.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

"At sea, or on shore, or when harbour'd,
The mariner's compass is brog."

"THERE he goes!" exclaimed a rough old hard-a-weather, pointing to a gladiator-looking sort of a gentleman, whom he had just before saluted in his best style while standing at the main guard in the College—"There he goes, any how! Do you know him, Murphy?"—"I do well, bad luck to his picture!" (replied Murphy.) Did not he pick me up at Lisbon for an old shipmate when I was following a peaceable occupation on shore? And did n't he send me stock and fluke aboard the Queen Charlotte afore she was burnt off Genoa? Fait and he did; and I shall never forget to remember that same. Orh, was n't I wid him in the Thisbe, upon the Halifax station, when he was a Captain? Sure and I was, and that's enough to make any man know him again."—"Hoot! hoot!" (said old Dongal Macdougall,) peaceable occupation, Murphy, what ca' you that? Was it delving your paw into ither men's pouches?"—"Arrah be aisy, Dongal, and don't bother me now; you'll never be half the rogue that I am!"—"Troth, Murphy, there's mony a word of truth comes frae a joker's mout; but dinna let us blather aboot honesty, seeing that now-o-days Justice keeps it panned up i' the bilboes for fear it should leave the country aw thegither. I ken the Admiral vera well, and was one of his ranting lads when he was Commissoner in Port-in-gal. Mony's the time I've followed him harly-scarly through the streets the whites he strode on before, like a wharwind sweeping the chaff from off the face o' the yearth; and mony's the sair bruises and cloudy een we hae gotten i' the fray. But Isaac was no a bock-hand at fisty-cuffs; he would gather up his muckle bony knuckles like the hammer o' death, and gie a tawp that would slaughter an ox. Ma conscience, I've seen them drap down by dozens on the quay, and then packed up in sna parcels for the fleet. Nae doubt, Murphy, you were one of the flock, for we baggit all sorts o' game, frae the humming-bird to the wild goose; and now I think on't, I've a slight memorial of your ugly countenance when you was drum-major to a moontebank."—"Och botheration, and do you say dat to the face o' me? Fait, but I'll bate a tatoo upon the nob of you, will make your teeth chatter, and show that an Irish drummer with his row-de-dow is better than a Scotch fiddler playing the organ upon the bag-pipes."—"Weel, weel, Murphy, we'll no come to wranglesome babblement,

seeing that I entertain a vera high respect for your ancestors, because they were the first who cultivated that wholesome plant the potatoe, when the Devonshire mon, Raleigh, brought it frae Vir-jenny in the time o' the petticoat government under auld Queen Bessie; but, Murphy, ye've sadly degenerated since—sadly degenerated indeed! Whawould hae thought, in those days, that your mither's son would come to be blazed at, and winged and peppered wi' powther and shot, and at last to be fixed here in Greenwich, all shattered and shook like unto a sea-gull nailed out at the jib-boom end? But for the Admiral—as I live, yonder he stands talking to the Governor. Look ye now, look ye, how they shake hands! and sure enough off they make sail thegither, and nae doubt there'll be mony a tough yarn spun aboor auld lang syne."—"And you may say dat, (cried Murphy, as the two Admirals walked towards the Governor's house.) There they go, any how, as pretty a pair of pictures as the babes in the wood!"—"Hah, (says old Harry Bartlett,) I recollects one day, when I belonged to the Barfleur, there was a quarter watch of liberty men on shore; and just as we were strolling along Common Hard, up comes the Admiral to overhaul us. Well, d'ye see, Will Ransom sheered off, and the t'other twiggid him. 'Ahoy, sailor, ahoy!' Will gave him a leer. 'Come here, my man, come here, I want a word or two with you.'—'I ain't got time now, Sir,' roared Will; and away he started like a shot from a gun. Off set the Admiral in chase, the whole fleet of us bringing up the rear. My eyes, there was a run! Will was a famous fist at his heels, and kept his forereach a-head of the Admiral, who laid his feet to the ground as fast as he could, and he was no bad hand at his legs either. There was a precious kick-up!—the pigs squeaked, the donkeys brayed, the dogs barked, the old women and girls shouted with roars of laughter; the Admiral bellowed 'Stop him, stop him!' the men halloo'd, 'Go it, run it, my hearty!' And sure enough Will kept the lead in fine style through Oyster-street into High-street, and away on to the Point; and at last he doubled upon the Admiral, and got housed in Capstan-square. But then to see Sir I—, his sky-scraper flying back off his head, his uniform coat hanging upon his shoulders, his white breeches and military boots spattered with mud, his sword slued round to the wrong side, and his face as red as a marine's jacket; while the big round drops of perspiration poured down his cheeks like a spring tide. The best of it was, the guard was immediately called out to search the houses; but Will was up to them there, too; for what did he do but togged himself off like an old woman, and out he comes among us. We knew him directly, but not a man would split; so up he goes close alongside of the Admiral, and played his pranks to admiration. The sodgers overhauled the shops, but as night was coming on, they were glad to make sail out of it; and we all bowled down to the long-room with Mother Kilderkin, alias Will Ransom, mounted on our shoulders, and the evening was rattled away in jollity and punch. Ah, them were the times, messmates! I thinks I sees 'em all now jiggig away, while the fiddlers scraped the cat-gut, and the grog flowed in purly streams, and the volumes of smoke rolled their columns to the ceiling. Oh I could silly-quiz upon it for an hour. Sometimes, too, we could detect inter-lowpers

among us, who the next day mounted the dog-vane and epaulettes, though then only rigged in blue jacket and trowsers,—Tommy P—, Captain Ess—, and Sir I— himself. There would also be Lieutenants and Midshipmen in abundance, dressed like poor Jack. D'ye remember the time the Expedition was fitting out, and the transports lay in the harbour? After dark the men used to land at Point, and take a cruise to themselves, passing for man-of-war's men; but Sir I— got scent of this, and so he rigs himself out in a pea jacket, and orders the gangs to scour the coast, while he himself brought to the stragglers. Well, just as he got through Point Gate by the sally-port, Jem Williams, of the Bedford, staggered along, singing 'Since grog is the licker of life,' when the Admiral catch'd hold of him by the collar, and brought him up all standing. Jem changed his tone to 'Down, down, derry down,' and stretch'd the old gemman at full length along the scuppers—the gutter I mean. Howsoever up he got again, and at it they went like fighting-cocks. My eyes, there was strop a block in a minute! There was square-'em come round-'em, while Jem dowsed the Admiral like a widow's pig. At last the buff-sticks came running up from the guard-house with their bagonhits fixed, and the blue jackets came running down from all quarters with chair and table legs, warming-pans, pokers, toasting-forks, gridirons, frying-pans, broomsticks, roasting-spits; in short, every thing that could present a muzzle against the enemy. Well, d'ye see, just as we were bearing down to engage, off went the pea jacket, and the Admiral proclaimed himself as Sir I—. Of course we hauled our wind directly, and Jem gave himself up; but the old boy was too generous to punish him, seeing as how he'd run our messmate alongside, and boarded him under false colours. Nay, for the matter o' that, he was so pleased with Jem's defence and noble surrender, that he got him promoted to Warrant Officer, and ever afterward stood his friend. Howsoever he was a great terror to the Midshipmen, and many on 'em remembers the stone galleys in the Gladiator, and the white-house ashore. What a sight it was of a morning to see 'em carried before Sir John Carter like a bunch of granny's knots, or half-wrung swabs; and the Admiral was generally there to take a peep and laugh at 'em. Tommy P—, when he had the *Le Juste*, used to go as regular as possible to release his men, for there was always sure to be a gang clapped in irons during the night. Ha! ha! Jack Hatchway, I believe you were one of Tommy's boys?"—"I was, (replied Jack,) and a better Commander never wore a head. He was strict, to be sure, but he'd never see a sailor injured. Then for grog, ah, that was the craft for *spiritual* liquors! I understands they are going to shorten the allowance in the navy; but mark my words—'t'wont do. They may just as well take away Jack's life at once as to go for to stop his grog. Why, zounds! it's meat and drink to him; yes, and a watchcoat into the bargain. Only think of burning under the line upon a single pint of grog a day! Aye, aye, they may talk of their tea and sloop, but 't'wont do, I say, and so they'll find it. What! did Howe's men fight upon tea and burgoo? Did Duncan's boys lather the Dutch upon cat-lap; or Nelson's lions beat Mouseeur and the Don with only a pint of grog? No, no; your Lord-mayor's men may swallow it, and glad of the chance, seeing there's none of 'em go to sea for want,

because as how they have plenty of that at home; but your true British Tar will be lost without his grog, and there'll be more drunkenness than ever. Mayhap the Commodore down yonder has had some hand in this, for he was a tant hand upon *rum spirits*. I belonged to his barge, (as I did afterward to Pakenham's;) and Lady K— had a dog that could smell out if a poor fellow had a drop about him, and the whelp would bark and kick up a confounded racket, till poor Jack discharged his cargo. Her Ladyship, when she got into the boat, and we were pulling off, would say, 'Now, Pompey'—(I think it was Pompey)—'Now, Pompey, find out who has been drinking grog.' And the son of a — would come and sniff, sniff at one, and sniff, sniff at another; but he generally barked at all hands in their turn, particularly if they had got a little stowed away. One day he attacked the strokesman, and howled like a witch. 'Down, Pompey, down!' cried the man as he chuck'd him under the chin with his oar; but Pompey wouldn't be quiet; he hugged Tom's jacket from under the thwart, (for we had all stripped at it) and shoving his confounded black muzzle into the pocket, out he roused a small bladder of stuff. I shall never forget it, nor Tom neither, if he's living, poor fellow, for he got *bamboo boxes*, as they say, in the East Ingees, and what was worse, lost his liquor besides. Now you know this was a shocking pernickymency, and made it necessary to find out some other plan; so we determined to try and outwit Pompey and the Admiral too. Well, one day aboard they comes into the barge, (Sir R— and his Lady, and the *spaniel*, you may be sure;) and away we shoved off. 'Down!' cried the Coxswain, and the oars dropped into the water; but scarcely did we begin to stretch out, than Pompey opened his jaw-trap and gave mouth like a church-organ, and away he skulled fore and aft the boat, tail on end, like a hog in a squall. 'Bless my heart, (cried her Ladyship,) what's the matter with the dog? Surely he's going mad!'—'Shall I leave him overboard, Ma'am? (axed the Bowman;) I thinks he begins to foam.'—'Oh no, no, no; don't hurt Pompey! Come, poor fellow, come;' and she chirped to him like a cricket. 'Aye, aye, (says Sir R—,) I see how it is; some on you has got licker in the boat, and I am determined to make an example of the first I catch.' Pompey still continued his growling and barking till we got alongside, and then we were called up one by one to be searched; howsoever nothing was found. The barge underwent a strict overhaul with the same success; and Pompey continuing his noise, the boat was hoisted in to see if anything was slung under the bottom; but they were disappointed in that too. Well, at night we had a double allowance, and made ourselves quite happy. And how do you think we weathered 'em, messmates? Why, we hollowed the looms of the oars just big enough to admit a small bladder, or rather a bullock's gut, filled chock a block; and thus we knocked to windward of Pompey and all hands, till I was discharged into the *Le Juste* under Tommy P—, and was one of his coach-horses. But there's dinner, messmates, there's dinner; so I must clap a stopper on, and I take a severe turn while one on yon pipes belay. Afterward I'll spin you a yarn or two about some of our freaks along with the old Triumphs; and then—Come along, messmates, let's to dinner."

AN OLD SAILOR.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

IN the weekly course of our dramatic inquiries, we hardly know any pieces that afford us more pleasure in the seeing, or of the merits of which we are more anxious to give a just account, than the two Pantomimes with which we are annually presented at this season of festivity and fun. To some, we know that all this may appear very childish, as they choose to consider such productions as altogether without the pale of criticism, and are rather too proud or too sullen to share any gratification with the more youthful or less enlightened part of the community. In defence, therefore, of our puerility, we would remind our readers that these pieces are as strictly legitimate, in their way, as any other species of the Drama, and that we received them direct from the Italian Stage, where they and the characters they introduce are in such high estimation, that many writers have thought them of sufficient consequence to relate their histories; and the life of more than one Harlequin may be found amongst the biographical memoirs of their country. To this we may add, that a learned antiquarian informs us that the heroes of these dramas are literally and truly the lineal descendants of the Roman *mimi*; and that even in the present day, their dress and appearance are precisely what they were two thousand years ago, as they were then described "*rasis capitis fuligine faciem obducti*," and as *mimi certunculo*. With this brief apology for our childish predilections, we proceed to the account of the wonders we have witnessed during the present week. On Monday, after the long and noisy Play of *Pizarro*, *Harlequin and the Talking Bird*, or *The Singing Trees and Golden Waters*, was performed for the first time. The introduction, which is all that in these matters ever relates to the name, is taken from the clever and interesting Arabian tale of 'The Two Sisters;' but we look in vain for any thing like an adequate representation of the marvellous occurrences of the story, or even an intelligible account of any part of it. In fact, it grieves us to announce that, notwithstanding the sums of money that have been expended, and the cost must have been immense, that we never, even at this unfortunate Theatre, saw any thing half so wretchedly conceived, or half so badly executed. To say nothing of the 'inventor,' as he is called, it will be enough to remark, that not one transformation, from first to last, was effected without some clumsy mistake, or when finally arranged had the slightest claim to originality or humour. The performers too, were the greater number of them, as stupid and inactive as the carpenters. Howell is a graceless Harlequin, and Kirby the worst Clown we ever saw. Blanchard's circumvolutions and continual talking, are also quite out of place in Pantaloon: and as Mr. Elliston does sometimes take the law into his own hands, or rather administer it from his own feet, we do most earnestly recommend him to apply a little wholesome castigation of this sort to some of the persons here concerned, and more particularly to his machinist and scene-shifters. Such a waste of money is not only a disappointment to the public, but a robbery upon his purse. Miss Barnett's Columbine was rather clever, but not exactly what a Columbine ought to be. The scenery is magnificent—splendid, indeed, beyond all precedent: three of Staufeld's scenes, Zalee's Abode, the Crystal

Grotto, and Auld Reekie, are worthy of unlimited commendation. Here is a scene also by Roberts, of the Enchanted Aviary, equally entitled to our praise. The Singing Trees, by Marinari, are quite frightful: they had a chorus, which, we presume, they were anxious should be encored, as, notwithstanding the Prompter's whistle and the assistance of half a dozen gentlemen in scarlet small-clothes, they declined retiring when their song was over; but this was the case throughout the evening—'Ex uno disce omnes.' The only thing that produced any effect, was a parody upon the Incantation scene in *Der Freischütz*.

COVENT GARDEN.

At this House, great expectations were raised; and with one or two trifling exceptions, they were amply fulfilled. The name of Mr. Farley's Pantomime is *Harlequin and the Dragon of Wantley*; but any other name would have suited it as well, as he has made little or no use of the story, and two or three scenes not remarkable for incident or humour serve to introduce us to the accustomed round of Pantomimical diversions. Here, however, we revel in the full enjoyment of every thing that can charm the eye, gratify the wonder, or excite the laughter of a Christmas audience. Judge, for instance, of the effect of seeing the Pantaloon, who had climbed up to a garret window to make love to the maids, thrust out without ceremony, dashed through a green-house, and then making his appearance with large pieces of glass stuck over the most protruding and most susceptible parts of his person; or his being thrust into a Yorkshire goose pie, and coming out not like 'Clarence soused in Malmsey,' but dead drunk and bathed in 'Yorkshire Stingo'; or seeing the Thames set on fire, (an event that every body talks about from youth to old age) and all the fishes boiling and broiling and roasting and frying in the midst of it; or what shall we say to the pig roasted whole, and when served up and decapitated, seeing a litter of young pigs all alive and merry, pouring out of his headless trunk!—these are truly "right merrie and pleasant conceits." But these are trifles when compared with the Watch-House scene:—Here Grimaldi, following his father's steps, and that too *passibus equis*, attempts something of the mock heroic; and if any thing had been wanting to add to his clownish reputation, this would have completed it. His terror at the Ghost of the Pantaloon, whose arm he had torn off, and who comes to him in detachments, first as an arm, then as a head, and then as the whole body, was admirably expressed, and just as much caricatured as it ought to be. It was indeed worthy the son of such a father. The scenery is beautiful, particularly the Dragon's Well. The moving Panorama, with the improvements about to be made upon the Banks of the Thames, and the view of Blackfriars Bridge M'Adamizing—the celerity also with which the Epsom Race scene appears and disappears—are truly surprising. Nor must we omit the clever transformations of the Wagon in Danger to the Vessel in Safety; and the Mail Coach to the Inn itself to which it was proceeding. Miss Romer, the new Columbine, is sufficiently light and active; a little more grace, however, would not be misapplied. All the other Performers are as much at home as ever, and exert themselves as strenuously. The Overture by Watson is lively and appropriate; and the selections, from Ware and

others, highly judicious. As a whole, this Pantomime wants nothing but curtailment to render it as popular as the most favoured of its predecessors.

WEST LONDON THEATRE.

MANY of our readers are aware that during the last and preceding Seasons, there have been regular performances of dramatic pieces in the French language, and principally by French actors, at the Theatre Tottenham-street, called the West London Theatre. These were very fully and fashionably attended, and in reality deserved to be so; for several of the best Parisian mimes displayed their comic talents on the boards in some of their most popular entertainments. From a prospectus before us, we learn that these *Soirées Françaises* are about to be resumed; and that new attractions are held out to tempt a still more numerous list of subscribers. The proprietors or managers are Messrs. Cloup, Laporte and Pellissié. They promise sterling Comedies, new Vaudevilles and petits Opéras; and besides themselves mention as co-adjutors on the stage, Preval and Léon of the Gymnase, Auguste Lebrun of the Odeon, Alphonse of the Variétés, and Morambert of the Vaudeville; actresses, Mlles. Délia, and St. Ange, Mad. Degligny, Mdlle. Elise of the Port St. Martin, Mdlle. Maria Delage, of Versailles, Mdlle. Melanie of the Vaudeville, and Mdlle. Clemence of Bordeaux. The Orchestra, we are assured, will be composed of clever artists: a second row of boxes has been constructed, and the Saloon refitted. The Season is to consist of forty nights, for which the subscription demanded is 10*l.*, aux premières, and 5*l.*, au parterre; while the Boxes are subdivided into ten nights at thirty guineas d'avant scènes, and twenty au parterre et second rang. For single evenings billets must be procured at six *chelins*, alias 6*s.*, the first, and *trois chelins six sols*, alias 3*s.* 6*d.*, the second class; no money being taken at the door, in order to avoid the laws and the Lord Chamberlain.

Such is the outline of this Theatrical campaign, which is one of those secrets known to all the world, and which may nevertheless be as good as new to thousands of our readers.

POLITICS.

A liberal speech delivered by Charles x. on opening the first Parliament of his reign, is the principal topic of the week's news. Fresh Greek victories by sea and land are reported. The accounts respecting the Burmese war are more favourable.

VARIETIES.

Fiocchi.—A young Roman sculptor of this name, and who seems to possess great originality of style, has lately produced a work, "Venus leaving the shell," which is highly eulogized by amateurs.

Thorwaldsen.—This eminent Danish sculptor has the sensibility which ought to belong to a great artist. When, on the death of Cardinal Gonsalvi, he was requested to cast a mask in wax of that amiable man, his tears prevented him for some time from proceeding.—*Italian Journal.*

General Laurent.—Laurent was a Baker of Languedoc; he took arms during the French revolution, and rose by his merit and bravery to the rank of general; but when he found Buonaparte had destroyed the Re-

public, he burnt his uniform, and took to his trade again, in which he continued to his death.

Italy.—In a work lately published by M. Mannert, Professor of History at Landshut, and Member of the Academy of Sciences at Munich, he maintains that the *Itali*, properly so called, are the primitive indigenous people of the country; and that the Illyrians, the Venetians, the Pelasgians or Tyrsenians, the Greeks, and the Celts, have emigrated thither. He treats largely of the North of Italy; and introduces a variety of details respecting the establishment of the Gauls, and the passage of the Alps by Hannibal. According to M. Mannert, the Ligurians were neither Celts nor Iberians; but were composed of one of the purest and most important branches of the *Itali*. Their territory comprehended the country on this side of the Alps; and Marseilles was founded by them. He thinks that Rome originally existed as a town of the Siculi; that it was taken by the Pelasgians of Reate; and that it was called *Saturnia*, after the name of one of their chiefs.

Venus Urania.—A Treatise on the Temple of the Goddess Venus Urania, at Paphos, has recently been published at Copenhagen, from the pen of Dr. Münster. This goddess of nature, considered as the second principle in the production of all things, was honoured, under different names, in Persia, in Armenia, in Syria, in Phœnicia. The Greeks bestowed her attributes on Artemis and Aphrodite. Even Hera, (Juno) came in for a share of them. It is important therefore, says the learned author of the Treatise in question, to collect all the passages of ancient authors, and all the memorials which regard this divinity. The Temple of Paphos, according to Dr. Münster, was built by the Phœnicians, established in the island of Cyprus; and when authors state that Jupiter and Venus were the principal divinities of the inhabitants of Cyprus, they must mean the Baal and the Astarte of the Phœnicians and the Carthaginians. These are the two *cabires* which the Egyptians call Axiokersos and Axiokersa, and the Phœnicians, as appears from the inscriptions discovered by Humbert, and deciphered by Hamaker, Tholud and Tholuth—(Creator and Genetrix.)

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Among the works of art announced for an early appearance in the new year, is "A Series of Picturesque Views in London and its Environs;" engraved by Charles Heath, from drawings by P. Dewint, W. Westall, A.R.A., and F. Mackenzie. It is intended to consist of 12 Numbers, each containing 6 engravings, with letter-press descriptions. The names of the artists and the respectability of the publishers, lead us to expect a spirited performance.

Canova and Buonaparte.—In a Life of Canova, which has been recently published in Italy, there is a long conversation which took place between Buonaparte and Canova, while the former was sitting to the latter for his bust. It was written down by Canova immediately on their separation.

Petersburg.—The Academy has just completed, and published, in six volumes, its grand Dictionary of the Russian Language. M. Sokolof, the Perpetual Secretary of the Academy, has been appointed a Counsellor of State; and, as well as Karamsin, the historian, and the poet Joukovsky, has received the decoration in brilliants of the second class of the order of Saint-Anne.

Ancient Chronicles of the North.—There exists, in manuscript, in the Royal Library, and in several other Collections in Copenhagen, a great number of *Sagas*, or Chronicles, written in the Icelandic language, the publication of which is the more desirable, as they would throw a powerful light on the ancient history of the North, and as there is reason to fear that they will perish by decay if they are not soon withdrawn from the dust of the libraries. These considerations have induced three learned Icelanders to associate themselves in the task of publishing these precious relics of antiquity with M. Rafu,

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